

THE TWILIGHT OF SEA POWER
By MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

BLUEPRINT FOR AN ENDURING PEACE
By BERTRAND RUSSELL

The American Mercury

JUNE 1941

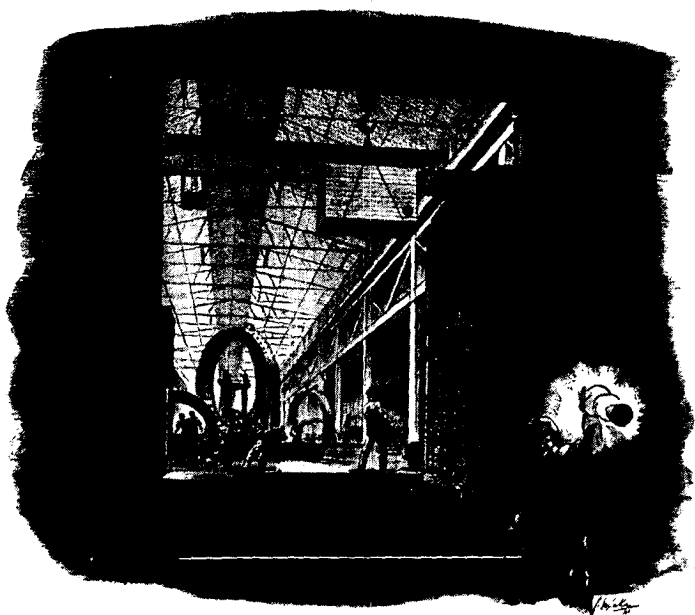


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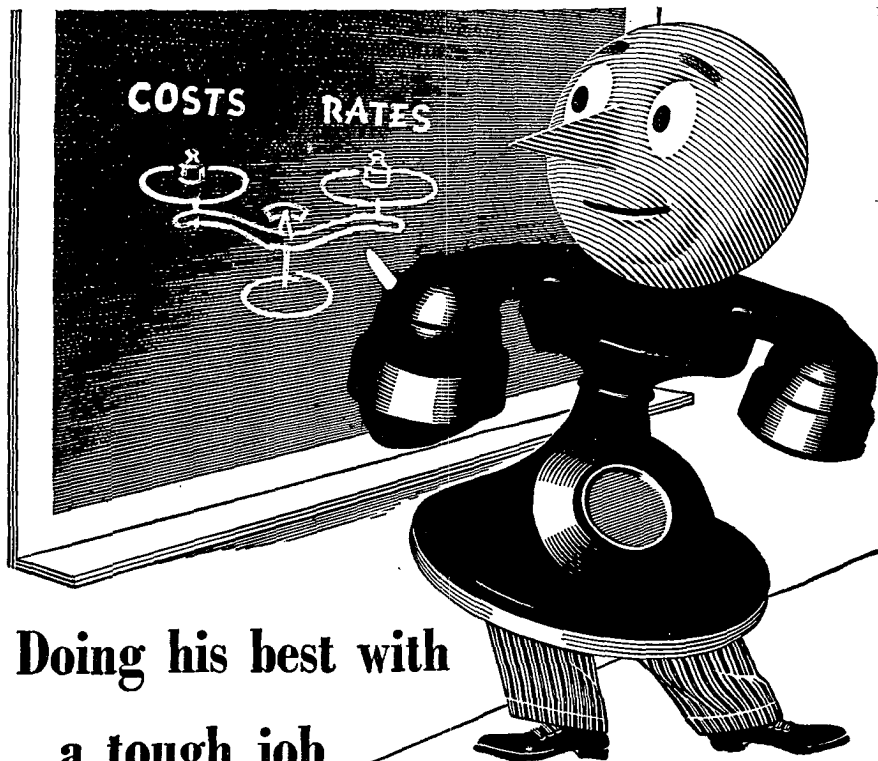
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THE TWILIGHT OF SEA POWER

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

OUR great two-ocean multi-billion-dollar Navy, now in construction, should be completed five or six years from now — just in time to have all of its battleships scrapped. The smaller and swifter units and the undersea craft may continue their auxiliary tasks under the shielding wings of Air Power; the rest will be consigned to the museums of outlived weapons along with the bow and arrow and the blunderbuss. As a primary, self-sufficient branch of national defense, fleets will be finished. References to naval might as our “outer defense” or “first line of defense” will seem echoes of a far-off past. The complacency with which we once relied on such slogans will seem as tragic and incredible to Americans as reliance on

Maginot Lines must now seem to Frenchmen.

To those who have not caught up with the revolution in war strategy brought about by the advent of Air Power, this may sound like exaggeration; to naval diehards it will sound like blasphemy. Yet a little patient consideration of facts already in high relief on the landscape of the present war will reveal that I am merely setting down the inescapable conclusion we must draw from recent experience. As we approach the end of the second year of the Second World War, it is startlingly clear that the navies of all nations have already and irretrievably lost their function of strategic *offensive* action. They still play a *defensive* role — against other navies — but only in waters

as yet beyond the reach of aviation. As that reach is extended — with the rapid enlargement of Air Power range — the margin of defensive usefulness shrinks, and it is quite possible to foresee the inevitable vanishing point.

The moment when Air Power can reach across oceans as easily as it now bridges narrower waters will mark the final elimination of Sea Power as a primary element in warfare. The rate at which aviation is expanding its range under the impetus of the war leaves no doubt in the minds of aeronautical experts that the Atlantic will be wide open to the full fury of aerial assaults from one shore to the other within two or three years. It is generally conceded that technically it is already possible to bomb America — or for America to bomb an enemy — across the ocean. Our own Douglas B-19, with its range of nearly 8000 miles, and the Martin flying boat now being designed for far greater distances, hint at the potentialities of massive long-range bombing in the near future.

In my own carefully considered view, the ultimate round-the-world range of 25,000 miles — enabling a nation to strike at any point of the globe in any direction — is at most five years away. When that is achieved, there will remain no ma-

nor tactical task heretofore entrusted to navies which has not been swallowed up by aviation.

The lessons of the war now in progress cannot be shouted down by rhetoric invoking the glories of naval history. It is a matter of sense, not of sentiment. The towering fact is that fleets can no longer approach hostile shores which are guarded by first-class aviation forces. For centuries the chief job of navies was to carry war to the enemy: to attack the outer ramparts of a country, its coastlines and harbors and fortresses. Now that job has been taken over almost entirely by Air Power. In the last two years enemy shores have been entirely denied to fleets — except on a hit-and-miss basis that merely emphasized the new state of affairs. We have seen dramatic naval attacks recently on Genoa, Brest, Tripoli, and other harbors. In every case, however, the attacking battleships simply took advantage of poor visibility or advance information that enemy aviation at that point was inadequate — exploiting the element of surprise. There is nothing in common between such surprise raids and the bold, continuous naval sieges of the past.

In Norway, after a costly baptism of aerial fire, the great British fleet, for all its overwhelming su-

periority, withdrew and stood by helpless — at a safe distance — while Nazi invaders shielded by their air force crossed the Skagerrak into Norway. After a costly attempt to land and maintain expeditionary troops on the North Sea coast of the Scandinavian peninsula, the fleet retired to escape aerial destruction. Since then it has not been able, despite Germany's naval weakness, to take offensive measures against any portion of the Nazi-held continent. Except where the RAF is powerful enough to control the air overhead, the British fleet must maintain a respectful distance from hostile shores — that distance being determined by the range of the enemy's aviation.

The fateful point of the story is that the picture would not be materially different if the British Navy were *a dozen times bigger*, and if Hitler did not possess a single battleship. So far as direct, offensive initiative against enemy soil is concerned, the role of navies has not merely been diminished — it has been ended. Only nations and regions without proper air defenses are still in any measure vulnerable to naval attack.

The "miracle of Dunkirk" has been credited by some superficial enthusiasts to the British Navy,

because the physical transport of the evacuated troops was made on barges, ships and other surface craft. Though himself essentially naval-minded, Winston Churchill does not make this egregious mistake. Soon after the event, he acknowledged that "in the fighting over Dunkirk . . . we undoubtedly gained a local mastery of the air" and that "this embarkation would not have been possible unless the enemy had resigned all hope of air superiority at that point." It was, as Mr. Churchill specifically admitted, the reverse side of the situation in the invasion of Norway, where Nazi aviation held control. The sharp contrast between Hitler's mastery at the Skagerrak and his frustration at the English Channel indicates that air strength, rather than naval strength, has become the yardstick of a nation's might.

The most impressive fact about the long Battle of England, from a purely tactical point of view, has been the virtual elimination of the armies and navies of both adversaries. It has been an all-air battle, with the elder services immobilized and reduced to mere spectators. Singlehanded, the RAF has fought off the air invasion. Not all the power and courage of the fleet could have saved the British Isles

from aerial annihilation had the air force been unequal to the task. The RAF has fought the battle in English skies, and by carrying the war to the enemy objectives on the continent. Even the systematic bombardment of Hitler's so-called invasion ports and air bases near the coast — targets easily within reach of naval guns — has been carried on exclusively by British Air Power. Thus it is neither the Army nor the Navy, but the RAF, which has dammed the flood tide of millions of mechanized German troops.

The grip of clichés on the mind of man is not easy to break. In England, as in our own country, the notion that "the country's chief defense is its navy" has acquired the force of a commandment handed down from Mt. Sinai. Doubtless it is being repeated through sheer habit in the British Isles now, even while Air Power is so strikingly their main reliance at this juncture. But we need only imagine the RAF out of commission — not a ship could then reach England, for all that the Admiralty could do. The approaches would be as Nazi-dominated from the air as the Skagerrak and Kattegat Straits. Not a battleship could survive under the roof of enemy aviation long enough to interfere with Ger-

man plans for invasion or for unhampered annihilation of England without benefit of invasion.

II

In the Mediterranean, the fleet has chalked up some spectacular operations. On analysis it appears, however, that naval activities in the old style were possible only because of the dismal inferiority of Italian airplanes. British units were able to take the offensive because even their airplane-carrier aviation was a match for Italian land-based planes, whereas normally land-based aviation easily vanquishes ship-based planes. But the whole picture began to change as soon as genuine Air Power was brought into play with the arrival of Hitler's *Luftwaffe* in the Mediterranean. The Nazi aviation début in that theatre of war was made with the memorable assault in the Straits of Sicily, where a British cruiser was sunk, a destroyer damaged and the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* put out of action. It signalized a new phase. Thereafter the British fleet could function only in places outside the range of Nazi aviation or under the protection of adequate RAF aircraft.

British Sea Power has been practically eliminated from the North

Sea. Whether it can remain in the Mediterranean depends not at all on its own size or skill, but on whether British or Axis Air Power will dominate the Mediterranean skies. Whatever its value in terms of national morale, tactically the destruction of the Italian Navy means little under present-day conditions. Assume that the last Italian ship has been sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean, but that Hitler's aviation has captured full domination of the air overhead. That sea would then be utterly untenable for the "victorious" British Navy which would have to retreat from the aerial menace even as it did in the North Sea.

Let us enlarge the focus of this picture to the breadth of the Atlantic. Already the western portion, within the range of German Air Power, has been made a No Man's Land, by long-range airplanes, though Germany has as yet an extremely inadequate number of this type. The proportion of British tonnage sunk from the skies grows with every week, and in the area under the Nazi air threat the RAF, rather than surface convoys, provide the only real protection to commerce.

Now imagine the range of Air Power expanded three to five

times — as it inevitably will be in the next few years. The Atlantic then becomes another Skagerrak, every bit as vulnerable as the North Sea. Unless they have land-based aviation better than the foe's, navies must then escape from the Atlantic — even if that foe were entirely without a navy. America will then be in precisely the same strategic position as the British Isles today, with the Atlantic Ocean equivalent to the English Channel, and its control, like control of the Channel today, depending on relative aviation strengths.

There will no longer be any warrant in common sense for carrying striking power across the ocean to an enemy slowly, by battleship, when it can be carried faster, more cheaply and more effectively by battleplane. In any case the battleship would be unable to perform this strategic errand unless and until Air Power cleared the skies over the ocean of enemy planes and maintained a canopy of overhead protection for the fleet. The latest capital ships being built by our Navy cost about \$100,000,000 each — a sum that could pay for the construction of 250 bombers capable of flying to a European target, dropping their explosive loads, and returning. Since each

of the 250 could carry at least twenty tons of explosives — as much as forty German Stuka dive-bombers now deliver — their striking power would be equal to 10,000 Stukas. Since the raid on Coventry or the worst single raid on London involved only some 500 bombers, this in turn is roughly equivalent to nearly a month of such raids! Such, in simple arithmetic, is the economic equivalent in Air Power of a single capital ship.

I am not minimizing the actual part played at the present moment by the British Navy in keeping open supply lines to the British Isles from the outside world. It functions freely and fully — both in blockading the enemy and defending its own merchantmen — *beyond the reach of aviation*. But the Navy is able to do so only by reason of the insufficiency of that reach, and is consequently being more and more restricted in these functions. Obviously reflecting official opinion based on close-up official information, Mark Sullivan recently stated in a Washington dispatch on wartime shipping: "But submarines are not now the only enemy; they are not the major enemy. The major enemy now is bombing planes."

Moreover, it needs pointing out that the vital, if passive, defensive

task of keeping shipping lanes open has been placed on the Navy by the special and peculiar situation of the battle area. A comparatively small island, lacking essential natural resources and foodstuffs, England must rely on its foreign trade. If the British Isles were self-sustaining — in the measure, let us say, that the United States is self-sustaining — the British Navy would lose also this vital present-day function.

The statement is often made that though Sea Power may have been cancelled out in part in the British Isles, it is paramount for America on account of our geographical location. Exactly the reverse happens to be the case. Think of the British Isles expanded to the size of the United States and economically self-sustained, no longer in life-and-death dependence on overseas supplies. With the passive job of protecting ocean commerce reduced to the vanishing point, our Navy, no matter how colossal in size, would then remain unemployed while mastery of the air — the Battle of the U. S. A., parallel to the Battle of Britain — was being decided.

One of the ablest of our military commentators, Hanson W. Baldwin, in a recent magazine article defending traditional naval ideas, points out that "today an insular

power like Britain, close to a hostile or potentially hostile continent, cannot provide that secure base which is the one indispensable requirement of Sea Power." He credits the change to "a world made narrow by the plane." From this he argues that the United States, surrounded by oceans, "can and does provide such a base," and that therefore "our future greatness lies upon the great waters."

The flaw in this typically naval-minded reasoning is that it assumes aviation will remain frozen at roughly its present stage. It does not recognize that the world is being further "narrowed by the plane" every day, so that American insularity is as doomed as Britain's insularity. In two or three years, if not sooner, that doom will be a fact on our Atlantic shore and within five years on the Pacific shore as well; just about the time, that is, when the new two-ocean navy on which men like Mr. Baldwin pin their faith will have been completed. It is the inadequate range of Air Power which still makes America "that secure base which is the one indispensable requirement of Sea Power." This minimal condition for the very existence of Sea Power, obviously, will fade out as soon as the range has become adequate.

Perhaps you have seen a lake being drained, crowding the fish into its contracting center where fishermen can scoop them up without effort. Even thus the progress of Air Power is "draining" water areas from the periphery inward, driving navies to the ever more shrunken center, seeking desperately to evade the tightening ring of doom. Soon it will be all "dry," with no margin of escape from Air Power. Today we are witnessing the twilight of Sea Power. Tomorrow the whole epoch of modern history conditioned by that weapon will be ended.

III

A number of basic claims made by aviation strategists have been so emphatically confirmed that they may now be set down as axioms of war science in the new Air Power age:

1. *That surface forces, including naval units, cannot operate if the sky above is in enemy control.* This, as we have noted, was made startlingly evident in the Skagerrak and in the North Sea. It is a principle vividly on view in a European continent practically without naval defenses, yet inaccessible to the powerful British Navy because of a Nazi ring of Air Power.

2. *That aviation carried along by the fleet itself is ineffectual against hostile land-based aircraft.* It has been repeatedly demonstrated that land-based planes, type for type, are superior to aviation based on ships. The latter are necessarily encumbered with special gadgets for taking off and landing, paid for in quality of performance. (A portable "umbrella" of their own aerial protection, of course, does enhance the strength of naval units for action against other naval units.) The attempt of the British fleet to meet Hitler's land-based *Luftwaffe* off Norway with ship-borne aviation proved so disastrous that it was not repeated, except against inferior Italian aviation. The spectacle of the crippled *Illustrious* limping off from Malta for sanctuary in Alexandria, soon after Nazi aerial strength entrenched itself in Sicily, is almost a symbolic representation of this principle.

3. *That only Air Power can effectively fight Air Power.* Anti-aircraft artillery is unequal to the task; at best it provides an additional hazard by confining the attackers to a higher altitude, thus interfering with the accuracy of their aim.

Taken together, these principles spell "finis" for Sea Power. They mean that fleets can exercise their old domination only in the rapidly

narrowing areas still beyond the grasp of Air Power. Elsewhere they are barred by hostile aviation. They cannot depend on their own ship-borne airplanes, which are foredoomed to defeat by land-based planes acting independently. The whole consoling theory of Sea Power supplemented by aviation thus collapses; Air Power reduced to an accessory position, harnessed to an older and slower and no longer self-sufficient weapon, is certain to be defeated by genuine untrammelled Air Power. These principles mean that the destruction of harbors and the covering of troop landings on enemy shores, until now prime functions of the navy, have become primarily the province of aviation. They mean that even the convoying of ship-borne commerce is continually more limited to stretches of sea beyond the reach of aerial forces. The direction, as well as the extermination of submarines, is a job now increasingly taken over by aviation; undersea craft thus tend to become an auxiliary of Air Power rather than of navies.

An ever larger portion of sea commerce is likely in the near future to be carried by airplanes, not by vessels. In intrinsic value, if not in weight, transoceanic air commerce is destined in the nature of

the case to surpass surface commerce. Even now most bombers are delivered across the ocean on their own power, and pursuits could readily have been built to do likewise. One of our foremost aviation engineers, Grover Loening, in a recent article in *National Aeronautics*, shares the writer's view that transoceanic commerce is destined to go increasingly through the air. "In the immediately 'predictable future,' " he wrote, "transportation of most armament materials, of all troops and personnel, and practically all light or heavy loads of destructive munitions, will have to be transported and deposited by air in order to win a war across the Atlantic."

It has been estimated that the British Isles need 25,000 tons of imported foodstuffs daily. Five hundred planes like the B-19 modified for transport, designed to carry 50 tons each, could keep the Islands supplied more expeditiously than any surface ships and would, moreover, be accompanied by their own defenses against raiders. The inexcusable fact that mass aviation transports are not available can be traced primarily to the ingrained intolerance of the naval mind in Britain, as elsewhere, against encroachments on its traditional functions.

But even transport by slow surface ships can be protected against enemy attack far more efficiently from the air than by surface convoy. Once the water highways are policed by friendly Air Power, commerce will be able to move under those canopies of aviation. The offhand assumption that ships must be protected by ships, trains by other trains, etc., is at bottom absurd. There is no better form of defense for traffic on any surface, land or sea, than a strong roof of aerial might overhead.

The type of strategic thinking which continues, through inertia, to rest on the old assumptions of Sea Power — though they belong to an epoch that is coming quickly to an end — constitutes a brake on the full growth of the new "first line of defense," Air Power. Minds that have not caught up with this reality are incapable of grappling with the problems of national defense in the real modern world. No matter how brilliant their strategy, it is earthbound at a time when war has soared into a new dimension.

Modern military aviation, having clipped Sea Power of its offensive functions, leaves it strategically crippled. This represents a fateful milestone in the history of war-making and therefore a turning point in the power relations of

the major nations. The implications of the event add up to a fundamental change in the history of the immediate future.

Previously, sprawling world empires rested in the first place upon superior naval might. Neither the governments nor the admirals of the world have as yet conceded openly that there has been a revolution in this respect. Nevertheless, that revolution is in full tide. Already neither the home grounds nor far-off colonies can be considered impregnable, or even defensible, merely because a nation possesses magnificent Sea Power. If those areas are within bombing distance of the enemy, they are vulnerable, regardless of how large a fleet theoretically guards them.

Only Air Power capable of meeting the potential assailant's aviation can guarantee safety. That means, in effect, that every outpost of empire, if it is to survive, must be given the protection of aviation that can be reinforced instantaneously so that it will match the Air Power of the nearest enemy. And what is true today will be a hundredfold more important tomorrow, when the reach of the air weapon will be enlarged to cover territories now comparatively immune. By the unequivocal logic of this new situation, the em-

pires of the near future will rest not on Sea Power, as heretofore, but on Air Power.

By the same token, existing empires, including that of the United States, will no longer be able to rest back on blind faith in adequate navies, unless they are equipped to conquer and to hold the skies under which fleets can move. These empires are like great edifices, outwardly strong and impressive. Those familiar with their interior structures, however, know that they are built with wooden beams which in time have become dry-rotted and termite-eaten. If we want to save the structures, there is no alternative but to replace the old-fashioned and outlived wooden beams with powerful steel beams. The wooden beams — which is to say naval strength — are unequal to the new tensions put upon them, and the steel beams of Air Power must be substituted.

The work of replacement is frantically under way in Britain under pressure of the war. In America, the urgency of the problem is not so apparent to military leaders wearing the blinders of traditional strategic ideas; in addition, we are lulled into a false sense of safety by broad oceans. But we, too, must speed up the work of replacement. We must relinquish

the illusion of safety and accept the reality of the changed conditions. And the time to start is *now*. The major European nations have been too preoccupied with immediate short-range needs to devote themselves to the long-range Air Power of especial significance in relation to America. So far as that type of equipment is concerned, therefore, we will be starting from scratch with those nations if we start now in the race for Air Power supremacy.

Always, through history, new instruments of war-making have changed the balance of power in the world. Those who possessed gunpowder while their neighbors still depended on bows and arrows had the decisive advantage. No amount of protest or weeping on the part of bow-and-arrow traditionalists could alter the situation. The advent of Air Power likewise must change a world where force is still the basic ingredient of international relations. The changes which it dictates, indeed, will become manifest sooner and over a wider area because the latest weapon is swifter, farther-reaching and more deadly.

The lesson of the story, in relation to our own national security, is too obvious to need laboring. Aviation has already wiped out the

strategic offensive potentialities of Sea Power and is itself taking over the offensive. At the same time the remaining defensive functions of Sea Power are being restricted as the progress of aeronautics goes forward. For the moment, it is true, military aviation has made the United States defensively stronger, since it has made us inaccessible to the navies of other nations. We all wish it could be true forever. But we dare not shut our eyes to the fact that this is a highly temporary advantage — a transition stage.

Our temporary immunity is crumbling. The threat of enemy Air Power acting as a long-distance offensive weapon, holding the menace of total destruction for its targets, is emerging. Only our own Air Power — strong, truly independent, built in conformity with the new strategic realities — can offer us adequate protection.

I am not arguing for the immediate scrapping or limitation of naval strength. While naval utility has been seriously restricted it has not yet been entirely wiped out. In the transfer of reliance from one weapon to another there is a transition stage where overlapping is not only natural but necessary. Navies can still fight other navies, and there are other nations whose

strategic thinking and planning, perhaps in fatuous imitation of American procedure, remains naval-minded.

What I *am* arguing for is a broader, more modern approach to the whole problem of America's national security; one that recognizes the changes in the science of war-making enforced by the growth of military aviation. With

recognition of the deepening twilight of Sea Power no longer avoidable, it seems to me suicidal to make navies and an outmoded naval strategy the foundation of American national defense. Those who insist upon leading America in that direction are heading us for military disaster. They assume a fearsome responsibility before the judgment of history.



LEE DOSKY RAMEY

BY JESSE STUART

WHAT do we find this day and time, young friend,
 We who are walking and cannot escape?
 Too many roads uncertain to the end,
 Still we must journey forward hoping hope!
 There is no turning back to better ways
 And paths obstructed by the worm and thorn;
 They served for travellers in the former days
 Who walked through night to greet the sunlit morn.
 I cannot say what path is best for you!
 You cannot say what path is best for me!
 The mountain path I know is my best clue,
 I shall ascend by holding to the tree.
 With feet accustomed to the worm and thorn,
 Despite all hail and storm and wind that blows:
 I may, or may not, reach my sunlit morn
 But I shall try if not another goes!

CLOSE-UP OF A HILLBILLY FAMILY

By TOM HAM

THE ANGLO-SAXONS tamed North Georgia's mountain wilderness, and their descendants still dwell to themselves in the land their forebears conquered. Whether Sam Long is one of these, he wouldn't know. He only knows that "we allus lived hyar — my pappy an' his pappy an' his pappy afore him, I reckon." Yet only the stickler would begrudge Sam Long's clan the bluest blood of the race: large, clear eyes, high, steep foreheads, fair hair and finely chiseled features tell a genealogical story all their own.

Sam Long came down out of the hills the other day with a troubled look in his eyes. He shuffled up to the whittling bench forum out front of the settlement store and put in his oar, uneasily: "I heerd tell they was a-havin' some more trouble over thar acrost th' water. Is they anything to it, fellers?"

So they laughed at Sam Long, did these city slickers of Cisco (population 150). Sam just stood there and listened. And his shaggy-browed eyes grew round as an owl's

as he learned about Europe's war. They were still wide and round when he hefted his sack of meal to his shoulder and packed off up the ridge into beloved oblivion.

For the world and Sam Long have managed to get along without one another. They've let one another be. And deep in the Georgia Cohuttas, where God carved out and time forgot a rugged mountain paradise, Sam Long has lived, loved, laughed and toiled, and in his way done well by his family. Call them hillbillies, or call them pioneers.

I first heard of the House of Long back in October, when Ranger Hoyt Seaboldt ran across them on patrol. From Atlanta it's 100 miles north and 100 years ago to Sam Long's cabin, away up where the Blue Ridge tumbles out of Tennessee into Georgia and the last hazy peaks wall in the timber-and-moonshine country from the cotton fields of the plateau. Even with Seaboldt's meticulously mapped directions, my wife and I made three efforts to reach Sam's place

before we found it. To get there you head up the Dixie Highway and turn off into the national forest from Chatsworth. The road up Tater Patch Mountain is a nightmare. Just this side of Lake Conasauga you turn off what you thought was a bad road into a worse one. It is an old wagon trail that droops over the side of Grassy Mountain and ripples down the spine of the Cohuttas. Then it rolls off the ridge toward Tennessee and crawls around the rim of the world. Finally you get out and walk, over four miles of the roughest geography in Rand-McNally's repertory and over four intervening mountains, until you flounder down the last slope.

High, wild and free, almost a crater in the peaks, this is Sam Long's valley — and Sam in the middle of it all, leaning unconcernedly against a poplar-pole column on the porch of his rickety little bark-chinked cabin.

Sam will step down off the porch to greet you — a gaunt, stringy, slightly stooped figure in a shabby old coat and faded overalls of multicolored patches. The weather-warped brim of an ancient black felt hat shades bright, twinkly eyes that peer quizzically between weeks of gray-brown beard and months of scraggly hair. Sam, he must be

crowdin' sixty. Curiosity is eating his innards out, but he won't show it.

"Howdy!" Sam will call out over the din of many bellicose hounds. It's his handclasp, shy and querulous, that asks you whence and why you came. You needn't tell. "Proud ter know ye!" Sam will beam. "Why, you-uns be a-comin' in ter th' fire an' set a spell." A chorus of gasps inside. Little feet patter from cracks in the gray old door.

II

Today does a fade-out; it's yesteryear when you step across Sam Long's threshold. And yesteryear is grandly hospitable. Sam Long's woman rises brightly and swings her youngest from lap to hip.

"Take this cheer," she urges, thrusting forward the rocker. This is the cabin's only chair: venerable, homemade, of thick slabs whittled smooth by many barlows. It teeters on large, crude crescents whacked out of a round tree bole by crosscut saw. A crack has been bolstered by a wrapping of rawhide. Sam Long's woman is talking in an aside: "You young-uns come out from onder them beds!" Apologetically she turns: "Law! Them young-uns hain't seen nobody from outside

in so long they hain't got a tailholt on comp'ny manners." Her laugh is one of patient resignation.

The cabin must be about ten by twenty feet. Its two high windows, square little portholes, have never known glass. Both are boarded up now against the cold. The single room would be Stygian dark but for the blazing logs in the huge open hearth. "Sam, he made th' chimbley an' f'arplace," Mrs. Long anticipates your question. "We-uns fotched rocks fr'm th' river an' he plastered 'em up three rows around. Last? Why, hit'll last 100 years, I reckon."

Over the fireplace a long rough scantling serves as a mantel, repository for several small bags of herbs, a seldom-used kerosene lantern and "some picters Vernie cut out'n a old schoolbook her oncle broughten her." Nailed on the walls not too near the fire are several bushy hides of coon, fox and groundhog. ("Ye can make fine strang an' cheer seats out'n hide leather.") From pegs here and there hang overalls, a cap, a rifle, a coal-oil can. On one side of the hearth a stack of firewood; on the other a grotesque old talking machine.

In the dark far-end of the cabin are the beds — four wide, wooden things of incalculable age, jammed headboard to footboard, two to a

side. On these sleep all the Longs, together with such of their kin as may trek over the ridge to visit. Crowded? "Why, we-uns hain't crowded none ter mention. Ef you-uns would stay fer th' night we'd be proud ter bed ye down."

A reckless pullet, from the flock of thirty-odd outside, stalks solemnly across the floor in quest of a stray grain of corn, a wary eye cocked up at the human race.

The human race: besides Sam and his woman, there's Sam's brother Darnell, 49 and friendly, a sort of vice-father to the brood and just as much a member of the family as anybody. His wife is away in a state hospital, their children here and there in kinfolks' cabins.

How many children are there, anyway? "'Bout eleven," says Sam. "They's twelve!" Mrs. Long corrects him, and Sam looks down at the fire. "Two or three av 'em's over to Sam's ma's." Sam's children include Otis, Elmer and Hardin, the grown boys, tall, strong and silent as the mountain oaks they grew up with. They cut timber down near Chatsworth, camp there most of the time, walk the twenty-two miles home to spend week-ends. Eldest daughter Bertha comes back, too, every chance she gets. She's housekeeper for a family down in Dalton.

Lavinia is the shy, blushy girl just bosoming into womanhood. Arvil, next, is the reticent adolescent boy, already a huntsman with his own dogs. Earline, 10, is timidly friendly. Vernie, 8, is the tiny blonde angel with a silver bell of a laugh, whose blue eyes are full of little lights. Then Dee, 6, is a ragged pair of overalls full of mischief, slyly tormenting that waddly two-year-old dwarf of an Ernest, whose bare bottom bobs up and gleams in the firelight as he pops over to retrieve a roll-away gumdrop — gift of the visitors. To them all, Clark Gable and Jack Benny are strangers. Radios, movies — the younger ones don't even know what you mean.

Sam Long's woman is the mountain Madonna. Her face is brown from many mountain suns, etched with many lines of pain and labor; but her hands are supple and strong, and she bears herself with an easy grace that belies the stair-stepped tow-heads clinging to her faded skirt. Her dress she cut and made by hand from the same bolt of calico that clothes her daughters. She sits there in her corner of the hearth, bending forward now and then to stir the pot of vittles bubbling from the pothook.

"That in th' pot? Why, that thar's hawg meat a-bilin' fer sup-

per." Sam Long's woman laughs, gives her long stirring stick a vigorous twirl. "Hit's acorn-fed razorback an' mighty, mighty fine. Woods is full av 'em, a-runnin' wild. We-uns gits plenty meat."

Food is no problem at all with Sam Long. There's plenty of deer and bear, wild hogs, rabbits, squirrels, possums and coons. There are quail and pheasant galore, and the stream that pellmells through his valley is squirming with rainbow and bass. Wild bees keep him in sweetnin'. And there are always the chickens. Their eggs — with the furs of coon, skunk and fox — are what might be called Sam's money crops. Only he doesn't get real money for them. He trades them at the settlement — because he gets more for them that way — for the four daily needs his valley won't raise: coffee, soda, soap and salt.

Come right down to cash money and Sam figures it might take fifty cents a week to feed his family in the manner to which it is accustomed. But it's the land that really keeps Sam's family eating. Rich, black, virgin soil it is, ripened by centuries of forests. Fifty bushels of corn come from one of his four-odd cultivated acres. Sam doesn't trouble to harvest it — just pulls off a bushel or two from the stalks

and heads out for the mill twelve miles below. His tomatoes grow "big as a body's hat," and his 'taters, parsnips, cabbages and turnips could pose for seed catalogs.

Sam has no use for fertilizer. Soil erosion is an unknown bugaboo. He has neither ox nor mule — just hoes in his crops and turns them over to the sun. He accepts these blessings without looking up; the fertile valley is his natural heritage. Sam Long loves his land.

Whose land? Why, it's Sam Long's land. It's his'n because he makes it work for him. Of course now, the title might be registered down at the courthouse in somebody else's name, but it's Sam Long's land because Sam Long runs it and lives on it. Ain't that enough?

The Longs don't raise any cotton. How would they get it to gin? "Law me, no!" Mrs. Long explodes with laughter. "Why, you know, we-uns never did even see no cotton a-growin' till four year ago when we-uns moved down into Whitfield County fer a spell."

The Longs didn't tarry long in Whitfield. "I liked hit a right smart," Mrs. Long says. "We-uns had neighbors down thar. They hain't nobody ter neighbor with up here. Hain't a house in twelve mile. But Sam," and here she wags a reproving head at her embar-

rassed lord and master, "he never took to th' flatlands. Most ever' mornin' I'd catch him out thar a-starin' up at that ol' Cowpen Mountain, an' he'd say ter me; 'Ma, let's git shet o' this place an' git back up thar whar we-uns wuz raised. Hit jist don't seem like home down here.'"

Sam ducks his head, spits miserably into the fire — "sping!" But Sam's been around. Why, he's visited mighty nigh every town in a forty-mile radius — a dozen or more — and once he was even down to Atlanta. "Hit were about thirty year ago, I reckon. They taken me down thar ter witness in a likker case. They shore was a mess o' folks down thar too. Must have been 1000 av 'em, jist a-comin' an' a-goin' ever' whichaway. A body never seed th' like."

Not so broadly traveled is Sam Long's woman. Since the day her parents brought her to these mountains from North Carolina in early childhood she's never seen beyond them. "Th' aimbition of my life is ter see Dalton (thirty-five miles west). I reckon if I'd ever git ter Atlanta I'd die a nach'al death!"

Mrs. Long's place is in her kitchen — a narrow, tunnel-like shelf of a room that hangs off the back of the cabin like an after-

thought. A little poplar-pole table is piled with pieces of fresh-killed meat. Down the center there's a long, rough table made of slabs, with two hewn benches alongside, pegs driven into them for legs. I have dined at that table several times, dined well on fried meat, "biled meat," cornbread and honey-sweetened coffee. The bread is flung out on the table in two huge planks, from which each one tears his portion. We pass around the single bone-handled hunting knife to hack off hunks of the steaming razorback entree.

III

Sam Long's fierce native pride makes it difficult for him to ask questions. He doesn't like to appear uninformed. But Sam is uneasy about the war. "Hit's them Germans that's a-foughtin', hain't it? Hitler? Don't recollect as I ever heerd tell av th' varmint."

Yet Sam's two eldest boys are registered for the draft, and he's proud of it. "Funny thing, Elmer he come home t'other day a-frettin' about how old he was. Him an' Otis come ter find out they both signed up fer twenty-four year old, and Elmer he was afeared the man would git him fer it. He knowed they wa'n't both twenty-four, so he

went over to Maam's ter git it riddled out. Maam? She's my ma." Sam brightens. "She lives about fourteen mile over th' ridge yander way. She's eighty-seven an' purty as a picter. Whole family's ages is wrote down in her Bible. They's so many av 'em hit's hard ter keep count in yer heard. Never was much of a hand at figgerin' nohow."

The Longs are healthy folk. Sam says that the herb he calls boneset is good for the fever; there's also catnip for colds, and ladyslipper for the nerves. But Sam can't recollect when one of his brood has been sick — except when Ernest "wa'n't thrivin'," soon after he was born.

Mrs. Long takes up the tale. "I was aimin' ter go down ter my sister's (a thirteen-mile walk) when birthin' time come. But th' rainy season come, an' I couldn't git out. So I brung Ernest out right here in th' cabin with nobody but my big girl — she was eighteen then — ter help me. My girl, she cut th' navel string, but she got onsettled an' I had ter set up an' look atter th' young-un myself. Hit must've been too much fer me. My milk, hit shet off soon atter that."

The doctor happened to come by one morning on a fishing trip and told Sam the baby should have milk. But Sam didn't have a cow.

The nearest one was a dozen miles away. Sam delights to tell how the doctor solved that:

“Wa’nt two days afore Otis he come from th’ settle-mint with two whole cans o’ that Eagle Magic Milk fr’m th’ doctor. Ernest, he come out fine on that, an’ ’twant long afore he was eatin’ hawg-meat gravy an’ taters an’ greens with th’ rest av us.”

Sam Long’s family hasn’t had much schooling. There’s a little school down at Cisco, but twenty-six miles a day is too far for the young ones to walk, and they haven’t had any book learning since they last lived down in Maam’s valley four or five years ago. Mrs. Long finished the fifth grade; the grown boys the second and third; Veenie has had one or two years; the younger ones none.

Books? Newspapers? They get a newspaper now and then, when somebody picks up an old one at the store. “And we got a purty book,” Mrs. Long boasts. “Hit’s over to Sam’s ma’s now. Hit’s got picters av some presidents. Wa’nt George Warshin’ton th’ first president? Me an’ Sam was arguin’ about that.”

The attitude of Sam Long to his woman, and vice versa, is one of quiet, unexpressed devotion. It is

like the verb “to be,” understood. She is proud of him, and he of her. But their outward manifestations of love are lavished on their children, and it’s beautiful to see. The girls mostly cling to their mother, but Sam, he’s “plumb a fool about leetle Dee.”

They’re real people, the Longs. Not storybook mountaineers: there hasn’t been a shooting in the family, nor has Darnell run a moonshine still, in a decade or two. They’re unwitting vestals of the restless flame that fired the souls of their adventurous forebears to tame a wilderness and bring forth a nation therein — the flame that is America. And there are many others who carry on their tradition. Call them hillbillies, or call them pioneers.

Sam Long’s family has asked little of the world. With nothing much but an ax, a hoe, a rifle and some fishhooks, they’ve achieved on their own a glorious measure of that will-o’-the-wispish thing man has chased through countless ages — contentment. We’ve often talked, my wife and I, about driving them down to Atlanta some time for a visit with 1941. But I don’t think we’ll ever do it.

I don’t think Mother Nature would approve.

► *A great thinker suggests a possible
Peace Treaty and a reorganized world.*

BLUEPRINT FOR AN ENDURING PEACE

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN considering a possible peace treaty, I shall proceed on the hypothesis of a decisive defeat of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Failing this, it would be necessary to make such a peace as could be obtained, not such a peace as we should desire. It is the peace we should desire that I wish to discuss, first as regards its general principles, and then as regards its precise terms.

The primary interest of America and England, assuming victory, will be precisely the same as the interest of mankind, namely, to prevent the recurrence of large-scale wars; altruism and egoism, therefore, can go hand in hand. But it must be an enlightened egoism, not a short-sighted territorial or predatory egoism. I believe that the lesson of the failure of Versailles has been sufficiently learned to prevent a repetition of the same mistakes.

The interest of America and the British Commonwealth is to secure world peace without sacrificing democracy, and this will require, to begin with, a vigorous use of the

superiority of armed force that victory will have given. America and the British Commonwealth must form a close alliance for the preservation of peace, and admit to it, either from the first, or at any subsequent time, such nations as they consider to be at one with them in regard to world policy. Something should be done, especially in economic matters, to make membership of the Alliance a desirable privilege, and non-membership a serious disadvantage. The Alliance must keep military preponderance, and not tolerate any serious threat to its power of enforcing peace. It must not (as England, France, and the United States did in the years before 1939) secure present peace by concessions leading to a future war in which victory is doubtful.

Among the mistakes at the end of the last war was the withdrawal of the United States from participation in world affairs. It may be hoped that this will not happen again at the end of the present war. The United States is now the

strongest Power in the world, and no important international system is possible without its participation. A second withdrawal would almost certainly lead to a third world war, again involving America, and it cannot be the wish of the American nation to have to do the same job over and over again. I shall therefore assume the full participation of America in the peace treaty and in the subsequent policing of the world. It is obvious that America must be a party to the treaty, even if the United States never becomes formally a belligerent.

So far as I can judge from public statements, what I wish to suggest is in line with the policy of the British Government, except as regards the status of the British Empire. The most essential matter is the approach to an international government by way of an international air force, and there is good reason to believe that influential opinion in England is in favor of the utmost that is feasible in this direction.*

It seems to me that the approach to an international organization for the avoidance of war will have to be made in three stages: *first*, the actual treaty, which will decide the

terms on which fighting will cease; *second*, the formation of a League or Alliance of Powers which share the general aims of the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations; *third*, a long-term policy designed to make this Alliance gradually world-wide. Throughout the first two stages, the third should be borne in mind, and nothing should be done to make it more difficult. Public opinion is not yet ready for any radical union of nations, and it seems to me more practical to aim at first only at an Alliance, which may in the course of time develop into a Federation.

The first necessity, which will have to be dealt with in the actual peace treaty, will be to secure peace during the years of reconstruction. This will necessitate disarmament of enemy Powers, except for small forces for the preservation of internal order. But there should be nothing in the way of indemnities or reparations. What is done against former enemies should be preventive in intention, not punitive. Military strength in recent enemies is to be prevented, but economic prosperity, if attainable without military struggle, makes for contentment and stability.

The countries that have been conquered by Germany, and those

* See, for example, the article on British Peace Aims by John Cowles, in the *New York Times* of March 6.

that have been or may be hereafter conquered by Japan, should be restored to independence with certain limitations. Weak Powers can only subsist by the help of strong Powers, and this confers certain rights upon the Great Powers which guarantee the independence of small ones. For a short period, to be fixed in the treaty, the victorious Powers shall have the right to send troops, if necessary, for the protection of small nations whose independence they guarantee; and the guarantee should, in the treaty, be limited to this short period. Further steps should belong to the second stage. The guarantee should also protect democracies against forcible seizure of the government by minorities.

Germany should be allowed to retain whatever regions decide, by a free plebiscite, that they wish to remain German, including Austria and the Sudetenland. It is important that there should be no valid territorial grievances.

The victorious Powers should combine their air forces under a single command, and should, to begin with, forbid all construction in the defeated countries of aircraft capable of use in war.

The treaty should be regarded only as ending the state of war and securing peace while more serious

measures of reconstruction are being considered. It should be followed as soon as possible by a Congress of peace-loving Powers.

The problem of weak nations cannot be solved by the principle of self-determination alone. Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and the Balkan countries — except only for Turkey, at the time of writing — have been overrun by Germany in spite of the most strenuous efforts to remain outside the war. If collective security had been a reality, the war would have taken a different course. What is needed is an Alliance against Aggression, less academic than the League of Nations, and more conscious of common interests. Such an Alliance, at first, cannot be world-wide; and if it is to be effective, it must be freed from diplomatic red tape. Its first principle should be military solidarity: aggression against one member should be aggression against all, and automatically involve all in war against the aggressor. There should be a permanent body, composed of eminent jurists, selected by the Alliance, whose business it should be to pronounce promptly, by a majority, whether there has been aggression in any given case. This would give the United States and the British Commonwealth of

Nations and their Allies the legal right, as soon as aggression had occurred anywhere, to send armed forces to any part of the territory of the Alliance; it would also be their duty, as well as their right, if strategically desirable.

The definition of aggression is a difficult matter, and so is the legal interpretation of a definition in its application to a given case. It is, of course, clear that the crossing of a frontier by armed forces is aggression. Refusal of arbitration by the Alliance should also be deemed to be aggression. The definition of aggression, at first, should perhaps be confined to these two; but it could be enlarged, by a majority of the states composing the Alliance, as circumstances might make desirable. Economic discrimination against a member of the Alliance might be included; so might governmental propaganda designed to rouse the desire for war against some member of the Alliance. But initially, the definitions should be sharp and definite rather than inclusive. The application to particular cases is a judicial matter, to be dealt with by an international Court.

The Alliance that I have in mind should differ in various ways from the League of Nations. (1) It should be composed, at first, only

of nations invited by the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations on the ground of their sincere desire to preserve the peace of the world. (2) It should have a much stronger military solidarity: all its members should be pledged to go to war as soon as one member was attacked, and should be expelled if they broke this pledge, with consequent loss of economic and other privileges. (3) It should override national sovereignty to the extent that all aviation, civil as well as military, should be in its control. (4) It should offer important economic advantages to its members, and corresponding disadvantages to non-members. (5) It should not be, as the League of Nations was in part, designed to preserve territorial injustices inflicted by the victors, but should endeavour to reach an agreed decision as to territorial questions before admitting any nation to the Alliance.

II

There are certain difficulties, which can be overcome only if both the United States and the British Commonwealth are persuaded that it is necessary, in their own interests, to establish and defend legality throughout the terri-

tory of the Alliance. This requires, first, a definition of "aggression" by the best international lawyers available; second, a permanent Court to judge whether aggression has occurred in any given case. But there are two further considerations that are more difficult. The United States and the British Commonwealth must be prepared to intervene, or to vote for intervention by the international air force, in any case of aggression against a member of the Alliance; and there must be machinery for considering, and if possible remedying, any grievance of any member of the Alliance. These two conditions do not concern the original Treaty of Alliance, but the sentiment and subsequent action required to make the Treaty effective. Whether they will be fulfilled or not will depend on the extent to which public opinion has become aware of the necessity of creating and enforcing law in the relations of nations, with the corollary that the law should be as little oppressive as possible.

Such a League or Alliance must be created by the free consent of all its members. The arguments in its favor are different in the case of England and the United States, on the one hand, and of the weaker nations, on the other. In the case of

the United States and England, the argument is a simple one: that their supreme interest is in peace, and that peace can only be secured by making aggression obviously disadvantageous to the aggressor. The United States tried the opposite policy from the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles onwards; England and France tried it from the Japanese invasion of Manchuria to Munich. The result is the present war. The same policy, if repeated, will have similar results.

From the point of view of the weaker nations, there is the obvious argument of self-preservation: in the modern world, they cannot survive without the protection of powerful States. In regard to Latin America, this has been the accepted theory ever since the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine. But elsewhere it may encounter difficulties. Some small countries are too proud to admit that they cannot defend themselves; others will object to becoming, to a certain degree, vassals of England and the United States; yet others will be reluctant to become involved in quarrels in which they have no direct interest.

The argument from national pride is being refuted by the Germans with alarming success. I doubt whether it will survive when

the war is over, except, perhaps, in a few remote corners such as Eire. The argument that a small nation which joins the Alliance loses its independence is one to be met partly by tact, and by provisions for the safeguarding of *amour-propre*. It should be pointed out that the small nations will each have a voice in directing the policy of the Alliance, and will therefore gain at least as much power as they will lose. It should also be pointed out, very forcibly, that the Alliance will be their only adequate protection against being overrun by some predatory Power. Economic advantages also should attach to membership; I shall deal with this shortly.

The third objection, that the Alliance will involve small Powers in quarrels that do not concern them, is likely to be the most formidable. It was this argument, used by the Great Powers, that brought the League of Nations to grief. The best answer is that quarrels *cannot* be isolated. Indo-China suffers because Germany coveted Poland. This sort of thing is more likely to happen if there is no League than if there is one. Such considerations, it is to be hoped, will prevail with many of the smaller nations.

They should, however, be sup-

plemented by more direct and material inducements. There should be lower tariffs for trade with countries in the Alliance than for countries outside it; reconstruction loans, which will be desperately needed, should be confined to members of the Alliance. Such inducements would, I think, prove irresistible to most small nations from the beginning, and to practically all before long.

The best method of dealing with tariffs will be to have a tariff, levied by the Alliance, on all goods imported from territory outside the Alliance; this tariff to be additional to that levied by the particular member of the Alliance which is importing the goods. The effectiveness of this method, as giving fiscal advantages to members of the Alliance, depends upon the degree of exclusiveness of the national tariffs within the Alliance. If these are sufficiently low to permit much trade between members of the Alliance, the advantage is great; but if the national tariff is in any case prohibitive, an addition to it makes no real difference. American protectionism has been, since the last war, one of the chief obstacles to economic internationalism; it is vitally necessary that the American public should become more enlightened on this subject.

The constitution of the Alliance should be framed by the United States and the British Commonwealth; membership should be offered, as a privilege, to every State which, in their opinion, genuinely accepts its principles and wishes to preserve peace. It might be hoped that the Alliance would soon spread over all the Americas, a rehabilitated France, and a great majority of small nations.

III

There would remain the ex-enemy countries and Soviet Russia. As for the ex-enemy countries, everything should depend upon their internal developments. Italy, alone, is not formidable, and in national sentiment will, if defeated, be vehemently hostile to both Hitler and Mussolini; one may assume, I think, that a short time would suffice to transform the Italians into peaceable, law-abiding democrats. If this change were obviously genuine, they could soon be admitted to membership of the Alliance. Japan, if defeated, will probably become involved in civil war; widespread starvation and chaos may be expected. It seems hardly possible that Japan can remain a Great Power in such circumstances. It is certainly un-

likely that an orderly democratic regime will emerge until after a considerable time. It may be necessary to establish a protectorate over Japan with a view to restoring order. In any case, Japan, once defeated, is not likely again to become a menace to world peace.

Germany is a more difficult problem. The energy and efficiency of the Germans are so great that the world cannot be stable while they are discontented; on the other hand, their ambition, since Bismarck, has been such as to make them difficult to fit into any system of international justice. For a time, they can be kept disarmed; but if there is to be lasting peace, a way must be found, sooner or later, of securing their willing cooperation. Perhaps a second defeat, together with the creation of a solid international structure, may suffice. Democracy, if victorious, will have a new prestige, and those Germans who have not shared the creed of the Nazis will again be able to make their weight felt. Germany should, after a time, be admitted to the Alliance on giving certain evidences of sincerity such as willingness to accept the constitution of the Alliance, including a share in the international air force instead of a national air force, and reform of education, involving elimination

of militant nationalism. Given a new regime in Germany, it will be unwise to prolong discrimination after its necessity is past.

There remains a very difficult problem, that of Soviet Russia. If Russia were to come into the war on the side of Germany, it would make victory more difficult, but it would make it easier to secure a satisfactory peace if victory could be achieved; in that case, everything that has been said about Germany would apply to Russia. If Russia remains neutral to the end, it may be possible to force the surrender of what Russia has acquired in Poland and Finland during the present war, but if Russia, before the end, comes into the war on our side, her sins will have to be condoned. I do not see how the Soviet Government, until it is radically transformed, can be admitted to such an Alliance as we have been considering. Russia, therefore, is likely to remain a disturbing element in the world until such time as the illiberality of the present dictatorship gives place to something less tyrannical and not hermetically sealed against the outer world. Fortunately the USSR is not likely to develop great aggressive strength, to judge by the Finnish campaign.

The problem of the USSR is the

most difficult part of a general problem: what should be the relations of the Alliance to Powers which choose to remain outside it, or refuse to conform to conditions which the Alliance considers essential? If the Alliance is to be the nucleus of world government, this question must not be answered with too much mildness.

I assume that, at the end of the war, and for some years afterwards, the Alliance will have a very great preponderance of armed force. The problem is to find a policy which, while preserving this preponderance, will gradually transform the basis of the Alliance from one of military power to one of democratic consent. Membership in the Alliance should bring with it great advantages in the way of lower tariffs and credit facilities; but, in addition, no raw material useful in the manufacture of weapons of war should be exported out of the territory of the Alliance. The USSR, if it remained outside, should be unable to obtain rubber, for instance. Such restrictions would suffice to cripple any hostile war effort directed against the Alliance. Sooner or later, the greater prosperity and security enjoyed by its members would exert an irresistible propaganda effect upon recalcitrant nations.

But if any possible enemy showed signs of acquiring sudden strength, as Germany did, it would have to be ruthlessly dealt with in the interests of the safety of the world. If world government is ever to become a reality, it will have to be created by first proclaiming *and enforcing* new principles of international law, as the United States did in the case of the Monroe Doctrine.

My own belief (though I doubt whether the British Government would agree) is that the British Empire, as a unit, should be dissolved into the Alliance. This would have several advantages. India, at present, claims complete independence, and regards the concession of dominion status as inadequate. But complete independence, as the present war has shown, is a doubtful boon; it would leave India to be fought over by predatory powers. Membership in the Alliance would not be objectionable to Indian national sentiment, as would membership in the British Empire, provided that India had the same status as the dominions: *i.e.*, that of a self-governing nation voluntarily co-operating. Very similar considerations apply to Eire, which had no objection to the League of Nations, and would probably have none to the new Alliance, but which

vehemently repudiates any tie with England. Another problem which the Alliance would solve is that of the Colonies which are, as yet, incapable of self-government — more particularly, the African possessions of the various European Powers. All these should be administered by the Alliance collectively, not by single Powers under a mandate. This would do away with the private imperialism of separate nations; it would solve the problem of Italian and French territory in Africa; and it would remove the reproach of territorial greed to which the British have exposed themselves in the past.

The Constitution of the Alliance is a subject which presents great difficulties. Should each State have equal representation, or should representation be on a population basis? In the former case, small countries, such as Denmark and Norway, would be over-represented; in the latter case, India and China would preponderate to an extent that, rightly or wrongly, America and Great Britain would not tolerate. From the point of view of practicability, it would be best that, at least at first, each State should have equal representation. Whatever the nominal Constitution, the real power would remain with America and Great

Britain, since they would have the money and the arms. No scheme would have a chance of adoption which did not recognize this fact. It will therefore be necessary to begin with a minimum of formal Constitution, and to give to the Alliance, at first, only such powers as are essential for the preservation of peace. It should therefore at first be committed only to collective war against any aggressor, with an executive or judicial authority permanently entrusted with the right to declare, by a majority, when aggression has taken place. The further functions that the Alliance will in time perform should be left to grow up gradually.

The incorporation of the League of Nations Covenant in the Versailles Treaty was a mistake, since it caused the League to be associated with the humiliations of the defeated nations. There should, this time, be two separate treaties, one between victors and vanquished, the other establishing the new Alliance. The latter should be as short and simple as possible, leaving developments to await the cooling of war passions.

Let us now endeavour to incorporate the above considerations in the outlines of two treaties, intended, not as Utopian aspirations,

but as the best that the actual circumstances and forces permit.

A. The Treaty of Peace

I. Germany, Italy, and Japan shall be disarmed, except for such small forces as may be permitted for preservation of internal order.

II. The countries conquered by Germany since 1938 shall be restored to independence. In Austria, a plebiscite shall be held to decide between independence and continued incorporation in Germany. In Sudetenland a similar plebiscite should decide between incorporation of the area in Germany or in Czechoslovakia, with arrangements to permit migration of dissenting minorities.

III. The former African possessions of Italy shall be surrendered, to be dealt with as the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations, with their Allies, shall decide.

IV. Japan shall evacuate and restore to China all Chinese territory including Manchuria.

V. Danzig shall remain German; the Polish corridor shall be administered and policed by the Allies.

VI. The Allies shall have the right, for two years after the conclusion of the Treaty, to send armed forces to any territory occupied by Germany, Italy, or Japan at any time during the war.

VII. Inspectors appointed under this treaty shall have the right to ascertain that its disarmament provisions are being fulfilled.

(What provisions should be made in regard to France and her colonies it is impossible to say at this stage.)

The Treaty is to be signed by all belligerents, and by the United States, whether formally belligerent or not.

B. The Treaty Constituting the Alliance

The United States and Great Britain shall extend to such States as they shall

think fit an invitation to join an Alliance with the following Constitution:

I. For purposes of war, the Alliance shall act as one State: any aggression against any member of the Alliance shall be held to be an attack on all, and all shall have the right and the duty to join in repelling the attack.

II. All disputes between two members of the Alliance shall be decided by arbitration. If one party to a dispute between two members, but not the other, refuses a settlement by arbitration, the recalcitrant party shall be considered to have declared war on the whole Alliance. If both parties refuse, both shall cease to be members of the Alliance.

III. A permanent body shall be selected by the members of the Alliance to pronounce, by a majority, on cases of aggression, and to arbitrate disputes.

IV. The Alliance shall have a common Air Force, and no member shall have a private Air Force. (This should apply to civil aviation also.)

V. The Alliance may, by a majority, from time to time invite new members, and shall aim at becoming world-wide. Ex-enemy States shall be invited as soon as a majority in the Alliance are satisfied that they will abide by the terms of the Alliance.

VI. Each self-governing Dominion of the British Empire, and India, shall be a separate State in the Alliance.

VII. Colonial territory, not ready for self-government, shall be administered by the Alliance as a whole, not by the member to which it now belongs.

An Alliance constituted as above will be, at first, only the germ of an international government. But it will be better to let the rest of what

is needed grow up gradually, under the guidance of practical experience. It will be desirable, at first to include only nations having: certain solidarity of sentiment. There need be no hesitation about Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, nor about a restored Czechoslovakia. The Balkan countries present difficulties owing to their territorial claims against each other; until they had agreed to some settlement of their rivalries, they could not be relied upon to cooperate with each other or with the Alliance. Those of the South American States that are dictatorships, in fact if not in name, would probably have to be induced to restore democracy before admission to membership.

The advantages of membership, and the disadvantages of non-membership, should be made great and obvious, and the desire for membership should be used as a means of promoting democracy. But there should be no undue haste about admitting new members; loyalty to the Alliance, and certain common sentiments, will be essential to the growth of sound traditions and vigorous habits of action. Given these, restige will soon achieve the rest.



► *A New York Times writer offers
a preview of the results of*

NEW YORK'S SIX-YEAR PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION EXPERIMENT

By BENJAMIN FINE

WITHOUT blare of trumpet or fanfare of publicity, one of the most significant experiments in the history of American education draws to a close this month. Under scientifically controlled conditions, with the world's largest school system as the testing ground, the far-reaching battle between progressive and traditional education has been fought. For six momentous years, 75,000 children in seventy New York City elementary schools have been the happy guinea pigs in this exciting experiment.

Revolutionary changes were introduced in their classrooms. Instead of studying their reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic in the sedate traditional way, the children played and frolicked all day long. Gone were the agonizing hours spent on long division, on bounding the State of Maine, on grammar and composition. Homework consisted in finding an orange crate, a prune box or an old lard tub. Children played at being Indians: in home-made costumes they war-whooped

through corridors, diligently seeking pale faces with scalps to spare. Sometimes they became Puritans or early Dutch settlers or cotton-pickers. They took imaginary bus trips to far-off places, built crude replicas of the Statue of Liberty, and constructed miniature post offices. Their classrooms ran over with hammers, saws, nails, coiled snakes in glass jars, packing boxes, posters and similar unorthodox objects — enough to give a disciplined schoolma'am of the conventional order apoplexy.

Yet, from all indications, the children have done much better in the progressive classes than they did in the traditional ones. They have gained confidence in themselves and developed social poise, without falling behind in the required scholastic work. Pupils in the new program of education are participating, making decisions, developing critical judgments at every step. Anti-social children and other "problem cases," have regained emotional balance.

Neglected, bedraggled Gloria, eleven years old and physically and mentally underweight, came to the progressive program from an ordinary school. Listed as having an I.Q. of 60, she seemed to her former teacher beyond help. For several weeks in her new surroundings she continued her unhappy existence, unable to read or keep up with her classmates in any way. One day during the "hobby hour" Gloria shyly suggested that she had always wanted to paint. Within a week she surprised both teacher and classmates with her talent. Several of her paintings were selected for the school exhibit. Her nickname, "Dummy," was discarded, and she gradually developed confidence. Now she wears a pretty bow in her hair; her eyes are no longer sad. Accepted psychological findings to the contrary, her intelligence blossomed out like a lilac bud in an April shower. She now rates an I.Q. between 90 and 100.

Whenever eight-year-old Irwin had a difficult task to do, he developed a temper tantrum. Frequently he would roll on the floor in anger and throw things at his classmates. He, too, was transferred to a progressive school, with its informal atmosphere. One day his teacher took the class to a circus,

as part of the school work. When Irwin returned, he decided to make a clay circus — elephants, donkeys, lions, clowns and all. When difficult details stumped him, he began to "carry on." But the teacher worked with him on the hard problems. By the time the clay circus was completed — a matter of two months — he was a model boy. Weeks later, another boy lost patience and threw his clay angrily back into the pot, upsetting the class routine. The teacher overheard Irwin say philosophically to the lad: "Don't get discouraged; try a little bit harder and you'll see it will come out all right."

What is progressive education? Many definitions have been given, but to the 75,000 children in the New York City experiment it has meant the breakdown of barriers between the different subjects. Reading, spelling, history, arithmetic, writing, grammar, civics — all the school courses — have been "integrated" or scrambled into an educational omelet.

For example, the pupils in the third grade may decide that they want to build a post office; that is their "activity" for the term. All classroom work and homework will therefore evolve around the post office they construct out of orange crates and wooden boxes,

with assorted nails. In completing this project, arithmetic, geography, history, civics, reading are all used, in logical relation to the activity. Civics means an actual visit to the local post office; the pupils talk with the postmaster, perhaps spend half a day mailing and checking with a postal clerk. Geography comes in as a natural necessity in tracing mail routes through the States, over rivers and mountain ranges, beyond the ocean on the Yankee Clipper. History is made clear by noting the development of cities, the admission of new States, the conquering of frontiers. Arithmetic comes into the weighing of letters, selling of stamps, or making of measurements for the classroom post office. Correctly written letters and carefully addressed envelopes are the topics of discussion in the grammar and composition section of the project. Every "tool" subject is employed, although no single one is especially emphasized.

II

A visit to an activity class for the first time is a real experience. Take Public School 4, the Bronx, under the direction of Mrs. Lillian Rosen-son, one of New York's best progressive teachers. When the morning bell rings, you see a warm,

lovable wisp of a schoolma'am drop all pretense at formal teaching in the traditional sense. In a class of ten- or eleven-year-olds, forty minutes is spent in the morning conference. The children go into a huddle. What shall we do today? What books shall we read? Shall we take a trip to Central Park or to the Metropolitan Museum of Art? The complete program for the day is prepared in the best parliamentary manner. They analyze the work done the day before and reprimand those who did not carry out their allotted tasks. The class monitors or assistant patrol leaders have shown their worth by passing "civil service tests."

The program emerging from the morning huddle looks something like this: 9:40-10:30 — preparation of a booklet based on Wednesday's trip to Chinatown; 10:30-11:00 — fix roof on bus terminal; 11:00-12:00 — intermission and luncheon; 12:00-1:30 — work on bus project; 1:30-2:00 — remedial exercises; 2:00-3:00 — hobby hour.

The day's activities begin. Instead of sitting prim and proper, listening to teacher and reciting when called upon, the children separate into clusters of five or six. Several conferences may be going on simultaneously; arguments arise, questions are raised. Despite the

seeming disorder, there is a pattern underneath. Each child has a specific task to do. The teacher — seated at her desk, or more than likely sprawled on the floor with the children — is now only one member of the class, but subtly providing direction and guidance.

Compared with the traditional school day, with its set time for prescribed subjects, the progressive program is unorthodox indeed. So unorthodox, in fact, that a vocal minority group has assailed it as atheistic, communistic, educationally unsound. Basically, the arguments raised against the program are that it breaks down respect for authority, does not give pupils sufficient self-discipline, and does not develop study habits.

To appreciate the startling innovations, it is necessary to examine the historical development of progressive education. Nearly forty years ago, at the University of Chicago, Professor John Dewey threw a verbal bombshell into the complacent educational world by challenging existing teaching methods. Children, he said in effect, are not puppets to be manipulated from above, but growing personalities, with minds, desires and interests. He evolved his famous "learning by doing" maxim, accepted today by all progressive

educators. For the last four decades the Dewey philosophy has increasingly divided school folk into two camps. One can hardly attend an educational convention or discussion without coming into firing range of both vociferous groups. Millions of words have been written, endless hours of time sacrificed, countless tempers frayed over this important question. Until now it has remained academic.

To test the claims of both camps, educational leaders in New York City, back in 1935, determined to get to the bottom of this issue. Accordingly they embarked upon the six-year experiment which ends this June 27th. Seventy schools were selected for the program, among them the poorest and best in the system. Picked at random they represent every community interest, economic level and I.Q. range. These schools became known as the "activity" schools. Scientific controls were established and rigidly followed.

Hardly another school system in the country could have undertaken so important an experiment on such a large scale. The testing program alone, aided by WPA grants, has cost above \$250,000; 75,000 children are a lot of young Americans. Only twenty cities in the United States have higher

school enrollments than that. In New York, 75,000 amounts to 10 per cent of the total school population.

Despite the sweep of the program, uniform standards were set. All schools, progressive or traditional, are committed to the regular course of studies established by city and state. No matter what teaching methods are used, at the end of each grade the pupils must complete the studies required for that level. Are they doing it? If the final answer is affirmative, then traditional schools throughout the country will have to look to their laurels. Adopting the progressive techniques will result in the first really important changes in the public schools since their founding by Horace Mann 100 years ago.

Every precaution has been taken to make the study scientifically fool-proof. Recognized psychologists have been employed to evaluate results. Professors Robert L. Thorndike, William A. McCall and Arthur T. Jersild of Columbia University, aided by Bernard Goldman, graduate research student at Teachers College, are now sifting the data. A special commission representing the New York State Department of Education is making an independent study.

With only a few weeks of the

experiment to go, results indicate that progressive-bred pupils are slightly below those in traditional schools in reading, arithmetic, spelling and language usage. However, the differences are trifling — not enough to worry about. And during the six years the gap has been bridged to a considerable degree. At the half-way mark the traditional pupils were far ahead. Opponents of progressive education were ready at that point to cry that 75,000 children had been crucified. But the program, ironing out its mistakes, forged to the front, until now the difference between the two groups, in scholarship, is almost negligible. City-wide tests last November showed the activity schools above the norm for the country in reading, and less than half a month behind the city traditional schools. In arithmetic the latter's advantage is not more than 2 per cent — considered insignificant. In spelling it is even smaller.

On the other hand, activity children are definitely ahead in written English, with mode of expression, content and fluency rated high. They are ahead in social studies and current events, showing greater ability to draw conclusions and think critically. Activity children have a better acquaint-

ance with what is happening in the world and are more broadminded and tolerant, not so easily misled by clichés. Results are significantly impressive in the natural sciences. Activity children have better working skills, can generalize better, and have more profound grasp of the subjects generally.

III

In those areas where tests are rarely given, the so-called intangibles, activity pupils outranked their classmates. They are more cooperative, have greater initiative, are more critical, show stronger signs of leadership, have more confidence in themselves, express a deeper sense of security, and in general are more self-reliant. They make better social and personal adjustments and are better equipped to meet unexpected problems that may arise.

Activity children spend considerably more time on arts, crafts, dramatics, poetry, woodworking, and similar items. According to statistical evidence, they become self-assertive and object to the question-and-answer type of classroom discussion. They volunteer contributions, and take the initiative in carrying out assignments. Conversely, they cooperate less in me-

chanical details of class routine. Compared with the traditional children, they are more active and attentive, do less indulging in day dreams and less fidgeting. On this point, Dr. Thorndike comments:

The activity classes show more student chairmanship, more productive work in writing and art, a general picture of somewhat more semi-independent and independent activity, more giving and taking of help.

What about discipline? Here again the activity children appear on top. Observers found that when the teacher left the room the children would go right ahead with their individual work, sometimes not even bothering to see whether the teacher had returned. Yet in the traditional school, in the teacher's absence, "horseplay" began immediately. Activity schools are not making the children boisterous or unruly. Pupils take their responsibilities seriously.

An effort is made to cultivate creative ability. The children are constantly dramatizing their lessons. One class dramatized the present World War through poems. Wrote one child:

Don't cry, little refugee, don't you cry;
You'll be in America by and by.

Blue-eyed Ellen, impressed by newspaper headlines, called her poem "WAR, WAR, WAR ALL OVER!" It began:

In Europe there is a terrible war,
It is the most terrible thing that anyone
saw.

One day in Austria, Hitler went
He took the country for keeps, not for
lent.

He's after America now, with his guns
full of lead,

If he gets in here he'll go out dead!

Activity children are given individual instruction, with work commensurate with their ability. For instance, if a sixth grade teacher finds a pupil can do only fourth grade arithmetic, she will suggest that he work with fourth grade arithmetic books. The books are not graded, so that the child is unaware that he is below average. The teacher may say, "You are making mistakes in long division; here is a book with lots of long-division examples that you may want to study." If a child's arithmetic is above the sixth grade level, he is given more advanced work. In any event, the arithmetic lesson is not divorced from everyday life. Arithmetic, like the other subjects, enters their lives by the back door.

One fourth grade class was working on a miniature housing project. They visited the local slum clearance project, talked to the director, and learned some of the financial aspects of the development. Forty-five per cent of the money is paid by the Government, they were

told. Back in class next day they asked: "What does 45 per cent mean?" Nobody knew. They had not handled fractions before. Thereupon, after an expressed interest by the children, the teacher went into the intricacies of the question, and soon the class learned how to compute percentages.

Although the children do not know it, the teacher works subtly, according to a preconceived pattern, guiding, supervising, directing and challenging the pupils at every step. Teachers admit that it is harder to do a good progressive teaching job than a traditional one. But the good teacher, through the progressive techniques, has been able to help pupils become adjusted to society.

There was nine-year-old Louis: aggressive, deceitful, troublesome, he had a record that augured ill for the future. An activity teacher took him in charge; he joined the dramatics club and startled everyone by his remarkable flair. He wrote a rambling nine-act play about a little boy who stole milk bottles and sold them at the grocery store. Although his mother was poor, Louis always had pennies in his pocket, a fact that had puzzled and worried his teachers. That mystery his autobiographical play cleared up; Louis was warned

against stealing milk bottles outside of plays. His drama work won his classmates' acclaim and he assumed friendly, pleasant manners. In fact, he began to read — he had failed in reading before — and is now participating in normal class routine.

Actually, sugar-coated education is supplied to such children in the experiment, in digestible doses. They follow a streamlined Royal Road to Learning. But opponents of the system have asked, "Will students be able to tackle real school problems later? How will they compare with their brothers and sisters bred in the good old-fashioned traditional school?"

A partial answer can be given. Some pupils have already gone on to junior high schools. Almost without exception they have competed with their classmates on equal terms scholastically, and have been ahead in leadership. Trained in independent thinking and the rudiments of research, they are able to outshine fellow-pupils trained in traditional programs.

Assistant Superintendent John J. Loftus, in charge of the experiment, is optimistic about the results of this historic educational venture. He remarked:

We think that in development of personalities and training to live efficiently

with other people in the ordinary social relationships, pupils in the activity schools have decided advantages. As far as we have been able to watch the program, none of the skills provided for in official courses of study have been sacrificed.

Balancing the pros and cons, it appears that the activity program has made a substantial contribution to the lives of the 75,000 boys and girls who were the unwitting scientific guinea pigs for a new educational order. Despite the revolutionary method of teaching, the "tool" subjects — reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history — are mastered sufficiently well to enable the children to meet standards established by traditional schools. But it is in the realm of "intangibles" that the friends of progressive education appear to be on solid ground. In almost every characteristic measured, the activity children were significantly ahead, indicating that they can use their own time better, know how to adjust themselves, can live democratically with their neighbors and possess initiative to get things done.

Vast changes may soon take place in public and private schools of this country as a result of this experiment. However, its sponsors feel that if finally approved, the new system should not be intro-

duced overnight. They estimate that it will take about ten years to change from traditional to progressive education. *Teachers* have to be taught new ways of thinking; it is important not to dislocate the emotional, psychological and mental attitude of 1,000,000 instructors in this country. Whether progressive education has won its knockout victory remains to be seen. Traditional school adherents certainly

will not give up without a major battle. It may also be that a careful review of existing evidence will bring forth flaws not now apparent. But what can be said with certainty, as the experiment ends, is this: For the first time educators throughout the country have before them firsthand data on progressive education in action. The question is no longer an academic one.

ESCAPE

BY MARIAN PATTEE

SOME fine day, when the late-afternoon sun troubles the windows of
the IBM with irrelevant splendor,
And Second Avenue parades its groceries and its young in ancestral
gocarts,
Yes, some brave day when the island-dwellers hail the first heralds of
springtime (the Good Humor man and the housefly),
I shall go quietly crazy.
Something will happen to one of those highly specialized parts of the
cerebral cortex that control the more intricate actions,
Such as fastening papers in sheaves with a bent piece of metal (having
counted them just once more to be certain),
Or establishing hidden electrical circuits to link the unknown with
the known,
And uttering softly into limbo through a gibbous black mouthpiece,
as yesterday and the day before that and last week and tomorrow,
National Widgets, good morning!
There they will find me, alone and at peace, with my last pile of papers
uncounted, a red rubber hood on one finger,
Vacant of eye, serene of heart. But the others,
They will not know, these solicitous folk. They will be gently
bewildered.

LIFE IN SPAIN TODAY

BY HANS HABE

A GREAT Spanish statesman and writer once said: "Spain without music would be like Athens without owls, Munich without beer or Paris without women." Today, Spain is a country without music. You can travel for days through Spanish cities and villages, you can frequent the restaurants and cafés of Madrid, Barcelona, Saragossa or Seville and never hear any music or songs. Spain has sunk into weariness and despair.

In present-day Europe, weariness and dejection are not unusual. But in Spain everything takes on greater clarity and sharpness. Formerly, the Spaniards used to laugh, love and play in the streets. Today they starve in the streets — just as loudly and conspicuously. There is a popular anecdote in Spain about a fisherman who complains that since Franco has come to power it is impossible to catch any fish. "No wonder," a second fisherman replies, "not even a fish dares to open its mouth." This anecdote may be witty, but it does not quite do justice to the facts. It is true that

newspapers, radios, public speakers are as regimented in Spain as in any other dictatorship; but the man in the street talks openly of his sufferings.

Back in the days when Europe was a tourist's paradise, booths at most frontier stations displayed the typical products of the country to be entered. Recently, when I reached Figueras on the Spanish border, my car was at once surrounded by a crowd of soldiers, frontier guards and policemen in their motley Napoleonic uniforms, *tricornes* and cartridge belts. Civilians — old men, women and children in bright-colored rags — thronged around me begging for food. In this throng the field-gray caps of two German Gestapo officers stood out for their relative immobility. Later I realized that this display was a preview of the principal "products" of Franco's Spain — policemen, Gestapo agents and beggars.

How to get bread and tobacco is the main subject of conversation in the Spanish towns and villages.

The bread, for three ounces of which people with bread cards stand in long queues, is almost inedible; it contains only 30 per cent of flour. Olive oil, sugar and meat are also rationed, on a scale which will seem incredible to Americans. Each person is allowed only three lumps of sugar and one ounce of meat a week. Fish, ham and potatoes are not rationed, but often there are no potatoes or fish on the market for weeks. Valencia, Cartagena and Malaga have been without eggs, milk or butter for the last four months. When I asked a peasant woman between Molina and Guadalajara why she had no eggs, she answered, "Where do you expect eggs to come from when the soldiers have eaten our chickens?" A waiter in Merida from whom I ordered a "Spanish omelet" — made of egg and potatoes — explained, "Today a *tortilla Española* is an omelet without eggs and without potatoes." In certain regions — south of Toledo, for example — one is struck by the complete absence of dogs and cats; they have been eaten by the hungry population. The government finally had to destroy more than 30,000 dogs because of epidemics that resulted from eating dog meat.

According to Colonel Crockett's latest Red Cross report, people

have been eating grass in some sections, particularly in the Almeria and Albacete districts. In Andalusia the famine is no less devastating, and Franco himself admits that the 250,000 fishermen in Galicia are facing starvation.

In no other country is famine so conspicuous. A few weeks ago an anti-British poster was nailed on the walls of Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona and Seville. It represented England and the United States as responsible for Spanish misery. *Franco's dictatorship is the only one to admit and advertise its hunger.*

Since tobacco is simply non-existent, no one is surprised to find the tobacco shops selling perfumes, umbrellas or picture frames. The transformation of shops is a general phenomenon. A recent decree forbids "the use of foreign words on store signs." Thus the notice, "Salon de Thé," formerly seen at almost every street corner, has disappeared. This decree is directed less against "foreign words" than against the memory of tea. Since last July the uniformed members of the government party, the Falange, have been forbidden to show themselves in cafes, restaurants or bars. Spain, a nation without bread, is also a nation without circuses.

The country is deficient in almost everything: iron, copper,

light metals, silks, woollens and other clothing. Except for government officials, and a handful of foreigners who cross Spain with their cars, there is no gasoline at all. Before crossing the border one must purchase gasoline cards, paying for them, at the rate of \$1.60 a gallon, in foreign currency. The Spanish have a profound contempt for their own pesetas. On an 1100-mile drive, passing through Barcelona, Madrid, Saragossa and Badajoz, I met only eleven cars, except for a few in the cities. Farther south, near Valencia, I counted an average of one car to every seventy miles. Since they cannot be used, automobiles are incredibly cheap in Spain. An eight-cylinder 1939 American model can be had for from \$10 to \$20.

Gasoline shortage and the breakdown of other transportation have deepened disastrously the effects of food deficits. Before the Civil War, Spain had 17,000 kilometers of track, 2574 locomotives, 70,000 railway cars and 325,000 public conveyances of all kinds. Today there remain only 5000 kilometers of track, 800 locomotives, 18,000 cars and 99,000 public conveyances. Freight rates have skyrocketed, and unfortunately the omnipresent Spanish mule can cover only short distances. Madrid and Barcelona,

in the heart of fertile country, are relatively better supplied than other Spanish cities. But last fall, none the less, grapes were obtainable in Madrid only illegally and at incredibly high prices, while thousands of tons of grapes hung unpicked on the vines along the roads.

Spanish peasants, when questioned about the agricultural crisis, recognize the collapse of transportation as one of the four principal causes. But the first reason — and this is the first answer to every question one asks in Spain — is that the nation has not yet recovered from the devastation of the war. During the war, moreover, when agriculture was utterly neglected, vast armies of insects invaded the country. A revolutionary pamphlet confiscated at Lerida proclaims: "The Spanish fields are governed by insects, the Spanish towns by policemen." Though insects are less conspicuous than policemen in Spain, the farmers are powerless against them.

What is worse, the strict regulation of food prices has made the peasants unwilling to work. In addition, the "popular dictatorship" of Franco, established on feudal-aristocratic lines, took away 12,000,000 acres from the small peasants and restored them to the land-

lords from whom they were expropriated after Alfonso's abdication.

A mass migration into the cities after the Civil War resulted in an appalling housing shortage, because thousands of houses had been destroyed by bombing.

No less conspicuous is the clothing shortage. In smaller towns and villages one is struck by the insignificant number of people in the streets. The reason is the lack of shoes. A law forbids any Spaniard to own more than two pairs of shoes; the vast majority have one pair at most. About a year ago, an order was issued forbidding anyone to appear in the street without shoes. Women wearing men's shoes and even men wearing women's shoes are a common sight; many families possess only one pair for both husband and wife. Practically no one owns more than one suit of clothes. In Madrid, a ready-made suit of German *ersatz* material costs from 1200 to 1800 pesetas, or \$150. No Spaniard can pay such a price. Even the soldiers wear old, shoddy uniforms, and the various militias, Falangist groups, Labor Battalions, and young people's organizations are distinguished only by ragged light-brown shirts. For the last four months, the newly-recruited soldiers have been given arm bands instead of uniforms.

II

Spain is not only the land of beggars. It is also the land of policemen. Last October, Heinrich Himmler, German Gestapo chief, came to Madrid to pave the way for a possible visit by the Führer and to organize the control of refugees traveling through Spain. On his return he is said to have declared, "It is very difficult to 'organize' the Spanish police. Every one of my Gestapo agents is watched by three Spanish secret police officials." "Five policemen," says a joke now circulating in Madrid, "are pursuing four suspect secret policemen who are on the trail of three conspirators plotting to kill two civil guards because they arrested a conspirator plotting against the original five." There seem to be only three kinds of people in Spain — civilians, soldiers, and those who watch the civilians and soldiers.

General Franco had promised the people a grandiose reconstruction program, to cost \$516,000,000. Roads were to be constructed, houses built, agriculture thoroughly reorganized. Nothing has been done. For this, of course, Franco is not solely responsible. Germany and Italy intervened in the war less for ideological reasons than with a view to colonizing the

backward country economically. To be sure, this would have made Spain permanently dependent on foreigners; but at least the reconstruction program would have been carried out. But Germany and Italy have had more urgent business. The reconstruction program remains on paper. The ruined cities remain in ruins. Well aware of this, the Spaniards grumble constantly against their government.

Madrid's University City district, which suffered most, is in the same ruin as two years ago. Except in the heart of the capital, nothing has been rebuilt. Today there is an average of three Spaniards to every room. This means that in certain sections of the larger cities one room is often occupied by ten or twelve persons. In Barcelona, less affected than Madrid, gardens have been planted in entire quarters of the city. These extensive gardens will no doubt embellish the city; but they are no substitute for the wrecked buildings. In Guadalajara and many other cities whole blocks of dwellings have been replaced by dismantled railway coaches; more than 600,000 Spaniards live in these makeshift shelters.

Tuberculosis, which has greatly decreased in other European countries, is again on the rise in Spain. In Andalusia, where the population

of an entire town is often crowded into a few houses, 30,000 children from three to fourteen years old died of T.B. in August alone. Guards are posted in all wrecked city quarters and access is difficult for visitors. Lerida, with its 40,000 inhabitants, is completely cut off. A narrow road goes around the town; foreigners are forbidden to enter. Official Spain, unlike the ancient warrior who showed his scars, tries to conceal its wounds. To see them one must penetrate a police cordon.

All this explains why Franco has so completely lost his original popularity. Though Serrano Suñer, his brother-in-law, is held responsible for all the recent developments, the entire dictatorship has been compromised. It must not be forgotten that Franco publicizes himself less than any other dictator. At Cook's in Barcelona, three or four large pictures of various Führers adorn the walls. Beside Franco's one invariably finds the gray-haired but youthful-looking head of Suñer and the ascetic head of Gamero del Castillo, radical Falange leader.

No Spanish hotel — except in Barcelona, where the local governor inclines toward more democratic principles — is allowed to receive a guest without police approval. The name, nationality, profession and birthplace of each

guest are transmitted to the police before he can move into his room. If permission is granted, he must leave the hotel before six o'clock the next morning. To stay longer, another authorization is necessary.

Police rule is no less strict in restaurants and cafés. Two restaurant owners who complained of the difficulties attending their business were fined 5000 pesetas each, and a Polish traveler who expressed dissatisfaction with his food at Saragossa is still in prison. (Spanish prisons do not feed their inmates, who must pay for what they eat. On the prison menu one egg costs 25 cents.) In some provinces, whose governors are little dictators making their own laws, the sale of gasoline without cards is punished by death. Telephone conversations are guarded so strictly that the telephone owner who has not come into contact with the police is a rarity. Out of 350,000 telephones in pre-war Spain — they were managed by the American International Telephone and Telegraph Company — only 190,000 are in use.

In other ways, the police constantly interfere in the citizens' private lives. According to the decree of July 30, 1940, every man between eighteen and fifty must work fifteen days a year for the state. Penalties for evading this law

are a fine of from 100 to 2000 pesetas or one to three months' imprisonment. But as the "saboteurs" have no money for fines, more than 12,000 Spaniards are now in jail for refusal to work for the state. Under the decree of August 3, 1940 — an edict unique in the annals of jurisprudence — every Spaniard must submit his monthly budget to the nearest police commissioner. Every month he fills out a questionnaire stating his consumption of meat, bread, vegetables and other food articles, listing all articles of clothing purchased, detailing his expenses for rent and entertainment. This information must be "honest and scrupulously exact." Persons who have been sentenced as "enemies of the people" are given over to "public opprobrium." Their names are placed on lists posted in all public establishments, and especially in restaurants and cafés.

One would scarcely think these café pillories justified by their results, however, for today no less than *one million* Spanish men, women and children are languishing in medieval prisons for "political crimes." In Saragossa I met a family of seven, five of whom were in jail. The only "survivors" were an eighty-year-old man and his seventy-six-year-old wife. One son had been arrested for refusal to

work without pay, the second for wearing an RAF badge. A grandson had failed to deliver the eggs from the family farm, a second grandson had been denounced as belonging to an anarchist organization. The last prisoner was the nineteen-year-old granddaughter, who in a letter to her fiancé in Portugal complained of the Spanish mail service.

But despite such draconic police measures, one day in a Barcelona café a note was suddenly thrust into my hand. Whoever did it had vanished before I could look around. The note read:

Spain has 26,000,000 inhabitants.
 Of these, about 13,000,000 are male.
 Of these, about 1,000,000 are in prison.
 About 1,000,000 are policemen.
 About 1,000,000 are bureaucrats.
 About 1,000,000 are in military formations.
 The rest — unemployed and beggars — number 9,000,000.
 But Spain employs:
 100,000 German agents and technicians
 40,000 Italian agents
 25,000 German laborers
 44,000 Italian laborers.

My eyes rose from these statistics to the lists of political outcasts that had replaced the menus on the café walls. Pillories in coffeeshop cafés — that, too, is the Spain of today. No wonder the Spaniards have stopped singing.

III

German penetration of Spain began long before the military penetration. Today, in Barcelona's beautiful Palm Street, German "tourists" with big swastikas in their buttonholes are seen at every step. They greet Spanish soldiers with the Hitler salute. Germans, and Italians wearing fascist insignia, monopolize the dining-rooms of the Ritz Hotels in Barcelona and Madrid. There are no food restrictions for these distinguished visitors; they are served pre-war meals with the exception of coffee and tea, which have completely vanished. Everywhere the mark and the lira must be accepted at official rates. Eighty thousand German engineers and technicians are employed in Spanish factories and 20,000 Gestapo agents are fed by the state. And at least 25,000 German workers are eating the bread of Spanish workers.

In the bars and night clubs, the German language is almost as current as in occupied Paris. The Germans can pay prices impossible for the Spaniards: \$8 to \$10 for a bottle of champagne, \$2 for a glass of cognac. The musicians have been forced to learn German tunes. Along with *Chiquita* and the Spanish national anthem, you can hear

a dispirited *Lorelei* and the *Horst Wessel* song. When rich Spaniards want entertainment, they go to Portugal; even the latest "Miss Madrid" was elected in the Olympia Club of Lisbon. Every day, German Lufthansa planes bring wealthy visitors from Berlin, Stuttgart and Munich. The same planes also serve the Barcelona-Teruan-Madrid-Seville and the Burgos-Saragossa lines. At the border, every passport is inspected by both Spanish and Gestapo agents.

The Spaniards look on with bitterness in their hearts. The newspaper propaganda, in Suñer's radical *A.B.C.* and the Falangist *Arriba*, fools no one; the circulation of these papers is falling off from day to day. In contrast, when Franco wanted to pardon 140,000 of the 330,000 Spanish refugees still in France, and the question of where they were to be sheltered arose, 800,000 Spanish families offered to receive them despite their own misery. Recently several hundred thousand RAF insignia were brought into Spain from Portugal, where they enjoy a great popularity. As a result, a whole quarter of Seville had to be arrested one morning because all its inhabitants appeared in the streets wearing the bright little badges. On another occasion the picture of the popular

British Ambassador to Spain, Sir Samuel Hoare, appeared in stationery stores in every Spanish town.

And in this country ruled by the police, even the policemen themselves are having a hard time of it. For some time their income has not been over \$50 a month. Compared to the average Spanish income of \$25 a month, this is large; but it is materially very little. The discontent among the police is leading to a united front between the guards and the guarded.

A successful uprising is, of course, unthinkable without a united front of all opposition forces. So far there is none. But on at least one occasion, buttons bearing the single word *Mañana* appeared simultaneously in almost every Spanish city. *Mañana* means "tomorrow." As a slogan, it naturally implies a whole program.

Most noteworthy of all, perhaps, is the sudden reappearance of old and forbidden Republican songs, which led on July 31, 1940, to a general police raid on all music stores in Spain. It is said of the Austrians that the only thing they can take seriously is a joke. This is even truer of the Spaniards with regard to music. Spain is not yet in a state of rebellion, but a thousand little signs show that it is smouldering beneath the ashes.

TO MARY, DAUGHTER OF ABRAM

*M*ARY, daughter of Abram and Maria Sheldon,
departed this life in April, 1838,

you have a lovely place here, small but lovely,
the highest knoll of all the high hill farm.
Down there below you in the wide wild meadow
the big square house has long been empty, Mary.
Woodchucks live with you now generation after generation.
They have a dozen doorways to your low dwelling.
Maria is here with you and your father, Abram, too.
His stone has fallen flat and the soil of his farm
has closed its lips around the alien stone.
The stone they gave you is white, marble I think.
It leans at a tippy angle but the letters are clear.
Mary, aged sixteen years, three months, twelve days.
Sweet sixteen, I wonder if you had ever been kissed.
I'll bet you had. And let me tell you
that's about all there is to living. So you didn't do so badly.
The stone around here is blue. It weathers to gray
like these three tablets near you lettered only with lichens.
I think they must have been babies, unchristened brothers and sisters.
People died young in your day, Mary Sheldon.
Well, only the old know what it is to be old.
Living is labor in this high and stubborn land.
I know your winters well, inside and out.
Your land is thin and cold but lovely in the flowering season,
the ledges gone now to contours of wire grass and bedstraw.
Abram wouldn't like to see it so. I do.
And I think you might have liked me, in your world, not now.
There isn't much left around here of the things you knew.
Only the woodchucks, they'll stay with you.
If you missed anything in life learn it from them.
They know all the fundamentals. They're good company.
They'll sleep with you all winter. I have to go now.
Your wild strawberries are small but sweet, Mary.
I've set your stone as straight as I could and wedged it.
It ought to be all right for a century more.
Lord knows when I'll be coming this way again,

Mary, daughter of Abram and Maria Sheldon.

— LOUIS STODDARD

KING OF THE CON MEN

BY JOHN MABLEY AND BILL BALLANCE

THE BEST confidence man in an American jail today is Mr. Joseph Weil, a pioneer in the share-the-wealth movement. For sheer love of the game, for results as measured in round numbers and for longevity of career, America's back streets have produced no one to match this father of the American sucker game. He is known among his admiring colleagues as the Yellow Kid, King of the Con Men. At an age when most crooks have long been liquidated, the Yellow Kid is resting up in a federal prison for his next bout with society. He is scheduled to be turned loose on the world again in 1942, at the respectable age of sixty-five.

A Chicago police record tells a little about the technique that shot this slippery-tongued son of a German barrel-maker to the top of his shady profession. In a South Side apartment, the police are reviving a widow found unconscious on the kitchen floor. She wakes up and spouts out a story that's going to be repeated like a phonograph

record in the Middle West for years to come:

This Dr. Weiss, a little fellow with a goatee, knocked at my door last week. He said he was experimenting with a chemical color process, and that my husband had been interested in his work. He made several visits, and talked me into advancing \$200 for his experiments. Today I showed him \$7300 my husband left, and said maybe I would invest it in his idea. He was jubilant, and told me he would demonstrate his process. He warmed a liquid over the gas stove. I leaned over the stove to get a look at it, and I fainted from the fumes. When I woke up the money and Dr. Weiss were gone.

Estimates of Weil's loot in forty years of swindling range from his own modest figure of \$3,000,000 to the \$10,000,000 of frustrated detectives who spent good parts of their careers chasing him. The Yellow Kid devoted most of his life to capitalizing on misplaced confidence. He boasts of more than 2000 victims.

Embalmed police records show he has been hauled into court for everything from refusing to pay a cab fare to swindling a Hoosier out of \$80,000. His courtroom manner

is one of impatience, his whole demeanor that of a righteous businessman confronted by the last straw. Until last year, the Kid had served only four prison terms and two jail sentences for a total of fourteen years — a comparatively light toll for earnings such as his. His thanks are due to a succession of lawyers — among them Clarence Darrow — who protected the master from the vulgar detectives as if he were a fine old tapestry.

No swindle was too difficult for Weil, and none below his dignity. During one particular spasm of rascality, he tried to sell a landscape gardener stock in a race-track syndicate that was going to "build a home for decrepit jockeys"; he sold a government liquor warehouse to a Greek restaurant owner for \$15,000; and he has even plucked Indiana farmers in the hoary faro game.

II

Weil treated his victims, or "clients," to an artistic buildup. He spent days, sometimes weeks, trumpeting his importance in the financial world. No detail was too small. When he had primed the sucker sufficiently, it was easy to take the money. A deal in which he swindled a Western banker, let us

call him Lester McCormick, out of \$12,000 in 1918 illustrates the attention the Kid gave to detail in the buildup.

McCormick, solid, successful and sly, was on his way to Chicago to get his teeth fixed. Affluence emanated from him like a cloud as he settled back in his seat on the train pulling out of Omaha. He watched a new passenger struggle down the aisle. The stranger was on the agile side of fifty and handsomely moustached. Nearing McCormick's section, he suddenly lurched and dropped down beside the banker. Murmuring discreet apologies, the unsteady passenger rose. But McCormick tolerantly smiled the smile reserved for wealthy cattlemen who couldn't understand the intricacies of cost accounting.

"It's quite all right," he said. "Won't you have a seat?" The stranger sat down. "Yes, it's getting hard to walk with this rough road bed." He casually lifted a slender hand to his moustache, displaying a huge sparkling diamond on the middle finger. McCormick's eyes bulged.

"Mister, my name's Les McCormick." He laughed with condescension. "Guess we might as well get acquainted."

"Mine is Walter Weed," said the Yellow Kid.

After exchanging the customary hypocrisies with his new acquaintance, the Kid informed him that he was a geologist and mining engineer for Standard Oil, and, in an offhand manner, referred to his \$100,000 a year income. The stranger's monologue swam in the banker's ears. McCormick felt flattered that a man of such wealth and breeding would befriend him. The Kid, a practical psychologist and maestro of the con game, was aware of McCormick's feelings. The time had come, he decided, for the appearance of his accomplice, "W. H. von Moulnitz."

Through a prearranged signal, von Moulnitz appeared and was introduced as Weed's secretary. The gentlemen sat chatting and soon were swapping appalling intimacies. Weed's next step was to describe the astounding riches one could pick up in the desert. He related that during his geological work, he had stumbled onto an abandoned copper mine. It had been worked, but the miners stopped just before they reached a fabulously rich vein of ore. "I think the owner is somewhere in Chicago," the Kid said. "Apparently he doesn't know what he missed."

McCormick would have invested in the copper mine gladly at that moment, but Weil was after Mc-

Cormick's scalp and wouldn't take a spit-curl in its place. In years of campaigning, he had discovered there was no percentage in rushing his work. Few of his victims had shown any tendency to buy gold bricks and slabs of blue sky before meeting him. The Kid brought out that inclination through his delicate handling.

With perfect composure and confidence, he slowly applied the pressure. In Chicago, McCormick stayed at the Morrison Hotel and Weed and von Moulnitz at the Great Northern. Weed allowed McCormick to rest for a day. Then he rolled up to the Morrison in a low-slung, high-powered touring car, and motored his new acquaintance about the city parks. McCormick enjoyed the outing so much that during the next week the Kid called for him every morning. Never was the copper mine mentioned. They would stop occasionally at an oasis of good cheer for a few hookers of good Scotch; they dined at the best restaurants; and as Weed unfolded the petals of his rare personality, McCormick's shy and stealthy admiration for him ripened into open and idolatrous worship.

The time had arrived. Weed phoned the banker and announced, "I think I've found the owners of

the copper mine I was telling you about. They live seventy miles north, near Racine, Wisconsin. I'm driving up today, and I thought you might like the ride."

The con game is the art of letting someone else have your way. The Kid's dulcet tones and affable façade had convinced McCormick that here was a genuine fellow, a man to be trusted. Three hours later McCormick, Weed, and von Mounitz were in a small town near Racine. A policeman (an accomplice in a rented uniform) directed them to the house of the "mine owner," W. N. Fisher, who lived with his wife and daughter in a fine old ivy-covered mansion.

Fisher's pretty wife discreetly undulated away while the men talked business. Her lovely daughter accompanied her upstairs while Daddy was in the parlor jousting with the sordid affairs of the world. (The Homey Touch.) Fisher admitted he owned the mine, but didn't think it was very valuable. As a matter of fact, he had turned over the title to his wife. Mrs. Fisher was summoned, and after registering surprise that anyone wanted her dirty old mine, agreed to sell it. The Kid peeled \$10,000 in bogus notes from his bankroll, promising to pay \$90,000 more in three days.

McCormick sat in pallid silence on a divan, lapping up the scene like an undernourished barfly. He rode back to Chicago wishing with all his economic heart that he, too, had a piece of Fisher's copper mine.

The following day McCormick dropped by the office of Weed's broker, a Mr. Burnham, and watched the broker pay Weed \$30,000 for a block of the mine shares so the latter would have enough cash to pay Mrs. Fisher. Before Burnham closed the deal, he phoned his father in New York to ask his advice. A few small, aggrieved noises came through the receiver, and Burnham happily announced that Father had given his approval. McCormick, the lamb, was ready for the butcher. Next day, while he was at the barber's getting another kind of clipping, he received a call from Walter Weed.

"Hello Lester," the Kid purred. "I'm terribly embarrassed to have to ask you this, but I find I'm short just \$12,000 to buy that mine. I hate to impose on you, but it would help me out of a hole if you have that amount on hand. I can pay you back tomorrow, and I insist that you take a block of shares for your trouble."

No trout ever rose to the bait faster. Five minutes later von

Moulnitz picked up McCormick's personal check for \$12,000. Ten minutes later it was cashed, and Weil started South.

The props for this swindle were a dummy broker's office and a few secretaries hired for the day, a country house rented for a week, a policeman's uniform, a hired limousine, and six confederates. Net profit, more than \$11,000. This deal is typical of those which the Yellow Kid perpetrated from the days when he was a penniless nonentity hanging around the Chicago race tracks until 1939, when federal agents caught him after a five-year chase.

III

Weil was born in 1877 at Clark and Harrison streets in what is now downtown Chicago. Far from apron-tethered, little Joe earned money running errands and working in neighborhood stores. But during the absorptive softness of adolescence, he began to loll around race tracks, drawn by the color and easy money. In those days, too, Chicago had the finest aldermen money could buy. A few well-spent dollars would bring a man reasonable protection, a possibility young Weil didn't overlook.

Weil's associations with gam-

blers and touts at the race tracks, and his first taste of soft money, led directly to his entering the rackets. He liked cards, too, and seldom played an honest hand unless driven to it. Most of his activities at this time consisted of bilking simple-minded dolts out of their savings. He escaped the law until 1909, when he was convicted of operating a confidence game and was housed in the Cook County Jail for seventy-five days. But, he said, gravy is gravy, even if it scalds the tongue.

He used approximately 1500 aliases, impersonating notables from Rudolph Rühl, the great German chemist, to J. P. Morgan. The Yellow Kid was never associated with bookishness or love of the lamp, but his amazing skill in posing as a person of high education and culture indicates an ability to study character with the acumen of a Rhodes Scholarship board. One month the Kid would lead a social life that would have exhausted Catherine of Russia. A few days later he would portray a retired banker suffering from sciatica and a high place on the Democratic blacklist. His handling of either role was utterly convincing.

His famous lost-wallet gag was a test of his ability in character portrayal. This particular money-raising movement was his own in-

vention. He used it the first time on a Mr. Reston, a Missouri manufacturer. Weil, who for the time was Edward Birmingham, a banker, struck up a casual conversation with Reston in the lobby of a Chicago hotel. The conversation, with able Weil guidance, soon blossomed into friendship, and for three days the Kid entertained Reston with an endless round of dinners and shows, meanwhile impressing the Missourian with his large income and prestige in the financial world.

The new friends were strolling along Michigan Boulevard one afternoon when Weil spied a pocket-book on the sidewalk. He snatched it up and found it crammed with important looking papers and securities. On the wallet was the name of J. T. France and an exclusive Gold Coast address.

"Why, France is one of the shrewdest traders in the stock market," Weil cried. "We're in luck! He might give us some information on the market for returning his wallet."

The pair went to the address to find J. T. France displaying great anxiety over his loss. His appreciation seemed boundless. Weil mentioned he did some trading on the market himself.

"How fortunate," exclaimed the famous financier. "I can steer your

money to a stock which I guarantee will bring you a profit of \$10 a share in one week. I'd appreciate your accepting this as a token of my gratitude for your generous deed. I dread thinking what might have happened if someone dishonest had found it." Weil and Reston thanked him, and left to arrange to get the money for their investment. Reston telegraphed Missouri for \$25,000 and Weil pretended to start action to get his cash from a group of bankers. The following day, the pair returned to France's apartment.

France said he couldn't tell them the name of the stock because the publicity might disrupt its gains, but he would send a secretary to his broker. Weil suggested they both would feel more at ease if France would take care of the matter personally. France agreed and took \$25,000 from each man. The three left the apartment together, France to go to his broker, Weil and Reston to return to their hotels. The following day Reston hurried to Weil's rooms and found he had checked out. France's apartment was deserted. The two scoundrels were hundreds of miles away with \$25,000 for a Southern vacation. Reston fled to Missouri to lick his wounds.

The Kid loved to take formal parties into night clubs, dine them

to stupefaction, buy drinks for the house, drop \$100 tips, and pay the orchestra to play beyond closing time. He also was given to lecturing on the motivations and psychological reactions of suckers.

I find confidence games were much alike through the ages [he declaimed]. Instances prove that a con game could seldom be carried out if the so-called victim was not motivated by a spirit of boundless avarice. . . . Go to the average businessman with a scheme for skinning someone else, offer to take the consequence of the law on your own head and promise him big returns, and he won't let you out of his office until you are willing to take his money.

To his apoplectic annoyance, the Kid was arrested constantly. But

most people, he discovered, are willing to forget the past for a present. When it appeared that his victim would press the charges, the Kid approached him with an offer to pay back part of the money if he would drop the prosecution. The victim was given a choice of getting some of his money returned or taking a chance of putting Weil behind bars. In only three cases did the men prefer to prosecute.

A Hoosier businessman had nerve enough to press his case in court after he lost \$80,000 to Weil in 1918. Consequently Weil and an accomplice, Jimmy Head, went to Joliet Prison for five years.

Whenever Weil left prison, he

swore he had seen the error of his ways and was going straight. As he walked from Leavenworth in 1930, with hat in hand and humility in his heart, he told reporters: "I am through with the rackets. In that near palace which some call a prison, I have been spiritually and physically rejuvenated. Joe Weil asks nothing more than a chance to go straight. Leavenworth is a haven for shattered men — look what it did for me." A week later he was lecturing at a Chicago boys' club on the evils of crime . . . "how I yielded to the glib talk of dishonest men and the lure of bright lights."

Five months later he was arrested for swindling a Grand Rapids businessman of \$15,000 with the help of two Chinese laundrymen. Weil and three associates had gone to the Grand Rapids factory of one C. A. Burns and said they were thinking of making an offer for the business. They named such a huge sum that Burns, envisioning a neat profit, soon was persuaded to sell.

"Unfortunately, our lawyers and contracts are in Chicago," said Weil. "Can you come there in two weeks?" Two weeks later, Burns was shown into an expensive suite of offices in Chicago. Two Chinamen were sitting in the anteroom.

While several secretaries went over the tiresome details and drew up the necessary papers, Weil told Burns about the two Chinese.

"They own a copper mine in Montana, and they're willing to sell it to get money to return to China," Weil chuckled. "They have no idea of its real value, and they're practically giving the mine away."

Burns talked himself into buying \$18,000 worth of stock in the Chinamen's mine. There was a hitch in the factory purchase, and he returned to Grand Rapids. That was the last he saw of Weil, his associates, and the Chinese laundrymen.

In selecting his clients, the Yellow Kid chose men of wealth and position. He reasoned that such tycoons were so ashamed of being taken in by a con man that they would be unwilling to stand the publicity of a trial. In other instances, he swindled his victims in deals so shady for all concerned that a trial would have exposed the victim as being no less willing to make a dishonest dollar than was Weil.

During the past ten years, the Kid has been comparatively quiet; but age hasn't dulled his skill in talking his way out of a tight spot. After he had pleaded guilty in a

New York federal court to using the mails to defraud, Judge John W. Clancy was about to sentence him to three years.

"Your honor," the Kid begged, his eyes brimming, "I will admit my life has been nothing to brag about. But I intend to go straight." No missionary ever struggled more fervently to implant belief. "Make it two years, judge. I have a daughter who will support me when I get out."

"How do you know she wants you?" Judge Clancy asked doubtfully.

The aging but artful gaffer looked up, gently reproachful. "Of course she wants her dad. Even if I was a rascal, I was a good provider."

"Two years and a half," the court compromised.

The Yellow Kid smiled as he stepped away to his newest home behind bars. And the detectives who know the Yellow Kid are waiting for the day next year when the sixty-five-year-old ex-convict will shuffle out of prison, draw in a lungful of air, and bleat out his usual assurance: "Boys, I'm finally going straight. I've seen the error of my ways. In that veritable palace which some call a prison . . ."



FIGHTING DISEASE WITH HEAT AND COLD

BY MARGUERITE CLARK

THE normal temperature of the human body as registered by a thermometer held in the mouth is 98.6 degrees. When this temperature mounts to around 110 degrees and remains there for prolonged periods, death follows. When it falls below normal to an equally critical level, life is similarly endangered. Yet freakish temperature can be healing as well as harmful. Today it is not at all unusual for physicians deliberately to bring the human body heat into these two danger zones by *artificial means*. And to hold it there for specific lengths of time while they test the reactions of the body to intense heat and cold.

Pyretotherapy is the technical name for the mechanical production of high body temperature of 105-106 degrees to fight such diseases as chronic arthritis, chorea, paresis and gonorrhea; *Chrymotherapy*, that of artificial hibernation, or the cooling down of the body to as low as 75 degrees in the fight on cancer. In the wide extremes of Thermometer Therapy,

the scientists in charge are working with tangible and measurable forms of physical energy — heat and cold — which can be controlled and regulated to any desired degree.

Heat acts first as a stimulator of cell growth, but after it reaches a certain point, heat kills the cells by coagulating their albumen, just as heat cooks the white of an egg. Cold, which at first merely checks and slows down cell growth, in the end destroys certain forms of cell growth by crystallizing the internal water. But whether they are boiling a germ to death with artificial fever, or freezing a cell in the ice chamber, many doctors continue to emphasize the importance of these two critical levels of temperature in the treatment of disease. *Artificial Fever* has been used widely for the past two decades. *Frozen Sleep* is a late-comer, opening up a new kind of medical experiment within the last five years.

Fever Therapy was discovered first in 1917 by Julius Wagner-Jauregg, Austrian neurologist and psychiatrist, and winner of the

Nobel Prize in 1926 for this contribution to science. In the course of his work with syphilitic natives of Africa, Wagner-Jauregg observed that following attacks of ordinary malaria many natives suffering from syphilis of the brain (paresis), recovered entirely from the serious brain ailment. *Something in the malarial infection helped to kill the spirochete of syphilis.* The Austrian physician did not wait for all the parietic Africans to contract malaria. Instead, he *gave* them the disease by injecting the living malarial parasite into their blood streams. The natives endured high fever, severe chills, and other familiar symptoms of malaria. But when the fever subsided, at least half the patients were cured of paresis.

Wagner-Jauregg's discovery became the subject of considerable international investigation. While it was generally agreed that some element in malarial infection helped paresis, scientists were determined to track down and identify that essential part. When a patient took the malarial injection, the whole body was affected. They wanted to *localize the cure*. Was it caused by remittent fever alone? Was it some chemical substance liberated by the parasite? Was it due to the hemoglobin spilled into the blood

stream? As soon as research reports began to confirm the notion that the real cure came from the fever itself, experiments were started to discover how attacks of high temperature might be produced by mechanical means which had nothing to do with malaria.

Inoculation with a foreign protein — milk, proteose or typhoid vaccine, to name three — was one answer to the problem. But there was a catch to that process. While it brought on satisfactory fever reaction, the fever was not controllable. Once the foreign substance was injected into the blood stream, the degree of fever which followed had to be accepted. Later two powerful fever machines, promising correct temperature control, were introduced. The General Electric Company was the first to observe that short radio waves caused high temperature. A number of its men who worked with a high-power ultra-high-frequency radio transmitter seemed to be running fever. Research resulted in development of the Radiotherm, a machine for inducing artificial fever.

The Radiotherm creates high frequency waves running as much as 50,000,000 cycles per second. The patient rests between two large metal plates connected with a sim-

ple form of radio broadcaster. As wave after wave passes through the body tissues, the tissues themselves generate enough super-normal heat to kill infection. General Motors has developed the Hypertherm, a steam-cabinet fever machine, in which the patient is bathed in blasts of hot, moist air. As the steam surrounds his body, internal heat is created, and the body fights off its germs by its high temperature.

There is still considerable difference of opinion as to the comparative efficacy of the mechanical fever machines and the cruder malarial treatment of Wagner-Jauregg. Comparison of New York Psychiatric Hospital charts of 100 patients who had had the straight malarial injection for paresis and 100 who had had the "hot box" showed statistics on malaria slightly more encouraging than those from the mechanical heating arrangement. Lately a means has been suggested for controlling the undesirable effects on the whole system of the malarial injection. Successful use of a drug called thio-bismol has been reported to the American Medical Association by a group of Cleveland doctors. The bismuth compound has been found to interrupt fever and chills when they become too severe, without stopping the malaria altogether.

Fever therapy, while uncomfortable, is not painful. Refreshed by an ice-cap and frequent sips of cool water or lemonade, the patient can lie and doze, or be read to, for five hours while his temperature hovers in the neighborhood of 106 degrees. There is no delirium. A special attendant checks the rectal temperature through electro-thermal coupling attached to a wall dial. While the initial treatment may call for an overnight stay in the hospital, thereafter the patient may return for twice-weekly sessions in the hot box of five hours each, followed by short rests in which to cool off, and then go home. In modern institutions where artificial fever therapy is part of the Physical Therapy Department, a regular physician makes recommendation for its use after a personal examination of the patient. There are reasons for not giving it at all, such as heart and kidney conditions, pulmonary tuberculosis, and pronounced debility.

Aside from paresis, its first brilliant cure, fever therapy has been used with encouraging results on chorea, or St. Vitus Dance, in children. Drs. Barnacle, Ewalt and Ebaugh of Denver reported to *The Journal of American Medicine* a series of such cures, some in a single treatment, some in three,

each treatment consisting of two and a half hours in the Hypertherm, at intervals of six to eight days. The medical treatment of chorea may take several months, and require special home conditions for the young patient.

So difficult a disease as chronic arthritis has also responded quite readily to the fever treatment. But it is in the cure of gonorrhea that artificial fever has scored its most remarkable result. Held at a high temperature, often as much as 110 degrees, for the regular course of five treatments, the human body can be positively sterilized of this dread infection. The charge for the fever course in the average private hospital is around \$200.

II

The discoverers of Frozen Sleep were Dr. Temple Fay, neurologist, and Dr. Lawrence Smith, pathologist, of the Temple University School of Medicine in Philadelphia. In July 1936, while taking routine skin temperatures, Dr. Fay noticed the skin over the breasts was regularly several degrees warmer than the skin below and above. Furthermore, the skin in the extremities below the elbows and knees was from six to twenty degrees cooler than the rest of the

body. At once he began to connect his discovery with the fact that while cancer of the breast is extremely common, the disease is seldom found in the hands and feet where the body temperature is at lowest level. Was it possible, wondered Dr. Fay, that cancer cells in the blood stream actually reached the hands and feet but failed to survive because it was too cold for them there?

Attracted by the idea of the possible destructive effect of cold on cancer, Dr. Fay decided to make an experiment on a woman with a far-advanced pelvic case. For months she had been taking three grains of morphine daily, in spite of which her pain was so severe that she was sent to Dr. Fay for surgical cutting of the pain pathways in the spinal cord. He made up his mind to postpone the operation to see what the cold treatment might do.

A hollow metal capsule attached to a continuous circulation of ice water was inserted deep into the cancer, and constant freezing of the area maintained by circulation of water at forty to fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Within forty-eight hours the woman was free of pain and morphine was discontinued. At the end of five days the cancer began to shrink, and in five

weeks had healed. Tests taken before and after the freezing, according to Dr. Smith, showed that under cold treatment, cancer cells disintegrated, whereas the normal connective tissue and normal blood vessels survived. The woman returned to her home, remained in good health for five months, but later developed a brain tumor from which she eventually died.

The results of local refrigeration in this case were so significant that similar applications were made to cancers of the breast and skin. In all these improvement was noted, with reduction of the size of the tumors and even healing of the broken skin. After about two years of work with local freezing, Dr. Fay decided to try the cooling down of the temperature of the whole body for the relief of cancer in parts not accessible to local freezing, such as the abdomen.

This experiment was first reported to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* by Drs. Fay and Smith in August 1939. Only cases given up as beyond help by surgery, X-rays or radium were taken to the Temple University Hospital for treatment. All patients volunteered with the understanding that nothing could be promised in the way of cure. The Philadelphia doctors offered the

hibernation technique as a means of treatment which could greatly reduce suffering, and which, by causing a diminution in the amount of cancer cells, in many cases lengthened the life of the patient.

The whole body was exposed to a constant low room-temperature of around 55 degrees, maintained by air conditioning and aided by ice packing of the body. Food was withheld during treatment. Metabolism was reduced to an almost negligible level. Bowel and kidney functions were arrested. And in each case, the doctors were able to report prompt reduction of pain, rapid decrease in the size of the lesion, general improvement in the patient's weight, appetite and mental state. The dramatic aspects of iced sleep brought on spectacular publicity. But gradually the public excitement died down, and at present the news of Frozen Sleep is confined to medical reports on the long-time systematic research and testing now going on throughout the country. Medical men feel that patients thus treated will have to live at least five years before it can be said definitely that they have been cured.

Besides the elaborate program at Temple University Hospital, there is the hibernation investigation at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York

City, and at City Hospital on Welfare Island, there is a special refrigeration chamber made possible by a private gift. Two authorities, Drs. Disraeli Kobak and Louis B. Newman, of the Presbyterian and Cook County Hospitals in Chicago, have demonstrated to the American Congress of Physical Therapy in New York their methods for administering Frozen Sleep. And from Detroit comes word of the cold treatment of drug addicts by Dr. J. M. Berris and Dr. M. K. Newman of Grace Hospital. The first patient, a twenty-three-year-old woman, emerged from a three-day refrigeration treatment for a cancerous shoulder, showing no symptoms of morphine addiction and no longer craving drugs for the first time in seven years. The technique affords unexplored possibilities for the treatment of other types of diseases, including heart maladies. Doctors feel that if they can relieve or lessen the amount of work a diseased heart must do for a period of time by means of hibernation, definite help would result. Such investigations are going on in many of the hibernation chambers.

III

The large air-conditioned room, registering a temperature of about

55 degrees, contains three porcelain beds of hospital design, each housing a cold-storage case—a human being, literally frozen, and temporarily dead to the world. The freezing is done swiftly and painlessly. The night before, a simple sedative is given; the next morning Avertin or evipal renders the patient unconscious. He is laid naked on the bed, his wrists and ankles tethered with padded restraining loops. Rectal temperature is checked by thermo-coupling, a rubber-covered wire cable leading to a mammoth wall thermometer which bears an important looking black indicator. From a container on wheels, the doctor scoops up loose nuggets of ice and packs the body of his patient from shoulder to half-way down the thighs. Excess moisture is handled by a sponge mattress, rubber sheets arranged in neat folds, and a drain basin at the foot of the bed.

From a normal of 98 degrees, the temperature goes down to 90 degrees within one-and-a-half to two hours, although in a very stout patient it may take twice that time. When 90 degrees has been reached, the ice is removed, the patient dried, and the room temperature of 55 degrees maintained, at which time the temperature of the Frozen Sleep subject drops to the 80's. It is

possible to reduce it to as low as 76 degrees without doing any definite harm.

A special nurse is in charge of each case. She remains at the bedside until she is relieved at four-hour intervals by another member of the hibernation staff. The chart of this bustling young woman, who wears sweater, coat and woolen stockings against the cold, is a masterpiece of painstaking attention. The temperature recordings alone call for fifty times the work of an ordinary case. Pulse and respiration, blood pressure and temperature are recorded every half hour. No possible emergency is neglected. An oxygen tent stands beside the bed. Two complete hypodermic kits rest in a small enclosure, ready to serve for heart stimulation. You can't miss the arsenal of hot-water bottles, twenty to a patient, filled and ready, hanging on the wall.

The bed bears a brass plate showing the name and telephone number of the air-conditioning company, ready for an SOS to the technician should the system fail. When the room temperature falls below 55, blankets and hot-water bottles surround the iced body. When it begins to rise, ice bags without cloth covering are applied. Every two hours saline and glucose are administered through a stom-

ach tube. Twice a day the stomach is siphoned empty, and once a day, the stomach is washed with normal saline. Catheterization is done every twelve hours.

When it is time to discontinue the treatment, the air-conditioning apparatus is shut off, and the room is allowed to come up to normal temperature. The patient, swathed in blankets, is restored to his own normal temperature in six to eight hours. On emerging from Frozen Sleep, he is usually a little hazy for twenty-four hours. And he is free from pain. Whatever its future in the cure of cancer or other diseases, this discovery in connection with Frozen Sleep is enough. The process provides comfort for inoperable cases, as well as those which do not respond to X-ray, because through freezing their pain has been practically eliminated.

Drs. Fay and Smith recently described a new development in their hibernation method. Instead of keeping their patients in cold storage in a state of complete unconsciousness, as in the past, they are bringing them back to consciousness after the proper low body temperature of 88 to 90 degrees has been reached. In this manner, the doctors report, patients can be kept "on ice" for as long as eight days. Five days was

formerly considered the safe limit.

The Temple experiment has also revealed a new mental effect of a prolonged sojourn in the ice-box. While the patients remain conscious and talk rationally with their physicians throughout the entire period, they have a complete mental blackout after their bodies are brought back to normal temperature. The refrigerator seems to produce a state of artificial amnesia. Dr. Fay suggests that impressions during the hibernation period do not sink deeply enough into the patient's mind to be recalled later in the conscious state of normal temperature.

The treatment of cancer by Frozen Sleep may be the opening wedge by which X-ray can effect the long-sought absolute cure of this disease. Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director of The Crocker Institute of Cancer Research in New York City, has reported to The Radiological Society of North America. Certain forms of cancer cannot now be treated by radiation because of the unknown quality

that makes them so resistant that doses large enough to destroy the growth will almost certainly destroy the patient. It is on this type of hopeless cancer that freezing has already been used with some degree of success in arresting growth. Research workers are now trying to determine if the cold treatment cannot break down cancer to the point where radiation can be successfully applied. "The same possibility exists, of course, for the artificial heating therapy," Dr. Wood added.

There may thus be a chance of combining the two forms of Thermometer Therapy — Artificial Fever and Frozen Sleep — with X-ray. Switching from heat to cold, Dr. F. W. Hartman of Detroit suggests in his discussion of Dr. Fay and Dr. Smith's report in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, may perhaps kill the few remaining cancer cells which apparently are the difficult ones to eradicate, whether one uses X-ray, or artificial fever, or refrigeration.



► Portrait of a "muddled millionairess"
with a weakness for letter-writing:

THE RED QUEEN OF CALIFORNIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

SHE is a woman of vast wealth and vast goodness. Amid the luxurious setting of her mansion in Altadena, her heart throbs with indignation at the woes of the working classes. Strong sentiment and large leisure have combined to make her one of the most indefatigable letter-writers of our age. Our Red Queen of California, parlor rebel *par excellence* and the very incarnation of Muddled Millions, writes her daily dozen or score of what she is pleased to call "Letters of Protest." Few of these epistles from Altadena receive answers, and few appear in the ultra-conservative Southern California newspapers to which they are sometimes addressed. But to an heiress of the Crane millions, convinced of her mission to save the world and in particular its proletariat, this is a minor consideration. Carbon copies of the letters are preserved and in due course are published, at the author's expense, under some such fetching title as *The Parlor Provocateur*, *Letters of Protest*, *More Letters*, *Off to the Antipodes* and *European*

Impressions. Her Collected Works are already impressive, at least in bulk, and in addition she maintains a little house organ called brightly *The Open Forum*, mainly to house her brain children which would not find space elsewhere.

Dispensing with further introduction, let me present Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz, who has been quite unconsciously running one of the funniest one-woman shows anywhere on the globe, a show possible only in our rich and relatively tolerant United States. Mrs. Gartz belongs decidedly in the category of persons who like to have their cake and eat it too. She not only lives in luxury but never tires of telling people how expensive and elaborate is her mansion, with its French windows opening out on a wide veranda and framing one of California's finest views, with its huge garden fitted out with palms, flowers, rustic footbridges and fountains. At the same time, on the strength of her numerous diatribes against conservatives in church and state, she likes to envisage her-

self as a revolutionary heroine. She is the toast of impecunious radicals, to whom she plays the role of a gracious Lady Bountiful, and she is the curse of California pillars of society, especially those whom she bombards with her prolific letters.

It would be a great mistake, however, to take Mrs. Gartz too seriously either for good or for evil. She is not likely to be remembered either as the herald of a new order or as a sinister harbinger of riot and destruction. She represents that incongruous yet characteristically American type, the bored lady of wealth gone Red, to whom comfortable make-believe revolution is a welcome substitute for Bahaism or Buchmanism.

My platonic friendship with Mrs. Gartz dates from a time long ago when I was laid up with a sprained arm in Moscow. Dictatorships are death on humor, except of the contraband type, and I was running low on light reading when someone brought me *The Parlor Provocateur* and *Letters of Protest*. Laughter is medicine and those two artless publications were a help to speedy recovery. Mrs. Upton Sinclair, who is Mrs. Gartz's intellectual coach and mentor and who assumes responsibility for publishing these periodic collections of let-

ters, characterizes them thus in her introduction to *The Parlor Provocateur*, for which the reader is furnished with the alternative title, *From Salon to Soapbox*:

They are very simple, they deal with fundamental truths and they are not afraid to repeat the same thing.

No one could dispute the first and third of these propositions. The second, especially to a resident of Moscow, seemed open to much more serious question. From her sybaritic mansion Mrs. Gartz looked out on the American world, saw that it was not good and devoted most of her time and much temper to telling everyone, from Presidents Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt down, just what they ought to do about it. After the fashion of her kind she constructed a dream world in Soviet Russia. Some of her definitions of communism in theory and practice might have wrenched a laugh from a Comintern hack or the proverbial wooden Indian. I cite a few at random, for, as Mrs. Sinclair observes, Mrs. Gartz is decidedly "not afraid to repeat the same thing" —

Sovietism merely means more representation by more people.

The Russian government feeds its women and children, while right here in Los Angeles they starve, and our "free" government does nothing about

it. (Note: this letter was written on January 14, 1921, when Russia was in the throes of the greatest famine in its history.)

Communism means cooperation, instead of the deadly competition we now have.

Why does not the man who wrote the editorial on "Communists, Socialists and Rats" sign his name to his unworthy screed? Christ was a Socialist and a Communist, but not a rat.

This idea of Christ as a Communist returns with monotonous iteration throughout the published works of our Altadena Madame de Sevigny. Venturing into a field that has perhaps been more adequately covered by Renan, she informed the gaping minister of Trinity Methodist Church that "Christ was executed for disturbing Roman Capitalism," and put the divine on the spot with the following sentences:

Has it never occurred to you to think of the embarrassing possibility that you may be denouncing the Son of Man as a "human copperhead"? On the chance that you may never have thought about this matter, and may be persecuting your Master in ignorance, I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy of *The Profits of Religion*, by Upton Sinclair, and I invite you to read it and give your soul a chance to be saved.

II

Mrs. Gartz belatedly visited the land of her dreams through a *de*

luxe tour in 1936, and proceeded to communicate her profound findings in a book titled *European Impressions*. "Here we are over the border in Russia," was her first travel note, "and it doesn't look so different from other countries as I had expected." She was a little bothered when she saw women doing the hardest manual labor jobs. Moreover, she had arrived in Russia at a bad time for a worshipful devotee, after the shooting of Zinoviev, Kamenev and fourteen other founding fathers of the Soviet Republic. She remarked plaintively:

These executions do not help Russia in the eyes of the world; neither does it make it easy for us who have been trying to defend the Soviet régime for the last eighteen years.

However, she found consolation in the happy, if naïve idea that the new Soviet Constitution would operate as a statute of limitations on Stalin's homicidal impulses. "When men have the secret ballot," she announced sententiously, "they will not need to plot murder of officials." And as her tour took her away from the proletarian paradise the faint glimmers of critical thought which seem to have assailed her disappeared. At one bound she put herself in a class with the Webbs and with Dean Johnson of Canter-

bury and made herself front-page copy for the *Daily Worker* with the following magnificent blast:

There is more essential Christianity in the Russian system and policies than in all the capitalist systems in the world. They stand for abundance for all, old-age pensions, insurance for the unemployed, production for use instead of private profit, the State's obligation to give work and require it of every human being capable of working. The government has no other aim than to build a commonwealth on the basis of service, equality, fraternity and liberty. The Communist Party is dedicated to the ideals of *all* the social problems.

This last sentence was a bit cryptic, but at least it carried a reassuring sound to those of the faithful who were eagerly waiting for Mrs. Gartz's first-hand pronouncement on the Soviets in action.

Mrs. Gartz as a correspondent pulls no punches and is no respecter of persons. Listen to her addressing His Excellency Friend Richardson, Governor of the great and lush state which has spawned Mrs. Gartz and so many others who deviate from the dull road of normality in some degree:

Dear Sir: (I cannot use your Christian name, "Friend," for it does not seem to fit you.)

You are an unmoved and unmovable millstone around the neck of California, incapable of education, unwilling to listen and learn from the thousands of letters you have read from

the most intelligent classes to be found in the United States.

The lie direct is a frequent polemical weapon of our affluent rebel, and one of her messages to the long-suffering editor of the *Los Angeles Times* contains the following characteristic passages:

Your editorial today about the I.W.W. is a deliberate lie from beginning to end, and a malicious misrepresentation of their ideals and aims. . . . I could refute every lying sentence in your latest hymn of hate, but I know how useless it is to urge your paper ever to change its methods and take up the cause of the downtrodden and exploited, and come out for the cause of human freedom, liberty and justice.

The shoe is on the other foot, however, when one of Mrs. Gartz's ideological pals is accused of falsification; and she warns the editor of the *Pasadena Evening Post*, who had expressed some doubts as to the total veracity of Lincoln Steffens, that "this is a very serious matter — to accuse a man outright of not telling the truth."

Despite her recognition of the futility of trying to win over the *Los Angeles Times* to bolshevism she continued to keep its mailbox full and its editor groaning over such broadsides as the following:

I heard, some time ago, that your Sunday double-column editorial was written by a Reverend. If that is true, it is high time that he dropped that clerical title. . . . You are hissed and booed

whenever your name is mentioned in "high" as well as "low" society. . . . So, condemnation from you is high praise to those of us who receive it. . . . I shall continue to raise my voice in indignant protest against every injustice that comes before my eyes, regardless of your abuse.

In the end she goaded the harassed editor into a reply. He figuratively threw at her head a thundering speech of Daniel Webster, delivered in 1833, stating the doctrine of the rights of private property in its most uncompromising terms.

Occasionally our industrious letter writer brought down still higher game. The Governor of Washington, whom she had almost pestered out of his life about a case involving political prisoners, metaphorically took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to administer to this wayward daughter of capital a sound verbal spanking. He referred to her "childishly impudent letter," commiserated with her deceased sire, who had, as the Governor imagined, worn himself out with honest toil only to have his daughter develop into "a useless, faultfinding sort," and finally made a suggestion. He proposed, since she despised wealth so much, that she should divest herself of luxuries, give a life of ease to some workingwoman and undertake the job of

supporting the workingwoman's family by labor of her own. But Mrs. Gartz showed no eagerness to take up the proposal, preferring to emit her sobs, snorts, wails and growls from the luxurious appointments of "The Cloister," her Aladena home.

Most of the Red Queen's letters, one suspects, were promptly consigned to convenient wastebaskets. Now and then, however, she got as good as she sent. One of the favorite objects of her missives was a Mrs. Charles F. Gray, President of the Republican Women's Club of Los Angeles. Mrs. Gray, finally fed up with her unsolicited correspondence, retorted tartly as follows:

My dear Mrs. Gartz:

Your abusive letter is at hand — and I answer it (realizing your unhappy state of mind), as from one woman to another, both wishing justice and happiness for all.

These United States may totter along some years as a republic, and hard-working people like myself, without the money or leisure you possess, find moderate happiness, feeling no need of foreign plots or interference.

I could join with others in a criticism of this government, in that these plotters should be compelled to find a government that suits them, or to meet what a denouncer of the Commune would meet if in Russia.

Yes, I am stupid, but history shows that Christ's name is invoked most conveniently, and my study of His teachings would seem to bring results contrary to yours.

Mrs. Gartz's ideas, as set forth in her many self-published volumes, are few and extremely repetitious. That Christ was a Communist, that Washington led a revolution once upon a time and that radicals are people who go to the roots of things are propositions set forth as importantly as if some new law of gravitation had been discovered. The naïve, delightful exhibitionism that leads her to sprinkle *Off to the Antipodes* with a dozen pictures of herself in various poses (two of these show her on shipboard and are provided with such alluring captions as "Trusting Fate" and "On the Briny Deep") leads her to publish some letters which a more discreet person might have suppressed. To some well-wisher who suggested that certain "leeches" were preying on her she indignantly replied:

I am the "prey" of no one, and have no "leeches that you could mention." I know exactly what I am doing — in fact I am proud to be associated with the best minds in the country and in the world — the Internationalists, the thinkers, radicals if you like (or don't like rather).

Warming up to the subject with the note of self-pity that occasionally asserts itself in her writings, Mrs. Gartz informs her mentor that, if she would only loaf and play cards "you and everyone else

in Pasadena would think I was a perfect lady. But because I choose to work for a better day I am considered an outcast."

III

After this background of study of her writings it was a real and unforeseen experience to meet Mrs. Crane-Gartz in person. It was after a lecture in Pasadena that I was introduced to a woman whose name I did not catch. She was of ample proportions, fashionably gowned, with a display of expensive bracelets and necklace. Her eyes alternated between a fixed, intent expression and a dreamy, far-away look, as if their owner might be communing with higher spheres. Her voice was pitched in a rather low and, one might suspect, designedly tragic key. Her hair was graying and she made the impression of being in her late fifties. I made a reference to Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz which elicited the response, "I am she." "Oh, Mrs. Gartz," I hastened to say, with entire sincerity if with just a trace of *double entendre*, "I have derived so much enjoyment from your letters. Have you written many volumes?"

"Yes," she replied with measured satisfaction in work well done. "I

have published seven volumes and I have material for two more. I've written innumerable letters to Hoover (our meeting was early in 1933), but they don't seem to have any effect. Now I am beginning on Roosevelt. I think there is some hope for him."

"Er, Mrs. Gartz," I ventured, "do you receive many answers to your letters?"

"No," she replied. "You see, the letters are unanswerable."

"Oh," I observed rather blankly, and that was that. During my very brief stay in Los Angeles she addressed open letters both to Hoover and to Roosevelt. To Hoover she suggested that there was such an easy way out of the crisis, if he would only take it: just print enough money so that everyone could be given ten thousand dollars. To Roosevelt she passed on, with her blessing, a piece by H. G. Wells recommending, in somewhat cloudy terms, the creation of some form of international money. Mrs. Gartz's correspondence with Presidents, while extensive, has been a one-way affair. There is no documentary evidence that any occupant of the White House responded to her letters, although she did her best to bait Warren Gamaliel Harding, first by announcing her disbelief in God, as contrasted with

his faith, and then by suggesting that wars could best be settled by duels between the heads of states. But Warren G. manifested no desire to go out in shining armor, probably being more interested just then in testing the laws of probability as to filling inside straights.

Despite the stony silence that generally meets Mrs. Gartz's unprecedented experiment in crusading by mail, she is not without her admirers. Only a cynic would suspect that some of the tributes of adulation printed as supplements to the various collections of letters are inspired by a sense of financial favor experienced or to come. One admirer, in fact, after telling her that he was so stirred up by reading her book that he could not sleep, adds that he is sending a book of his own for Mrs. Gartz's consideration and appends the hint: "Maybe you will help me in your own way after reading the book." Many of the tributes, however, are probably quite disinterested. Rose Pastor Stokes, in the gushing pseudo-Whitmanesque style which was popular among political and literary radicals before 1914, apostrophized the mistress of "The Cloister" as follows: "I love you, love you, Kate Crane-Gartz. I am glad you are in the world with me. Hail!

Comradel" Another correspondent bestows on her the title, "Dear Friend of All the World," and a third tells her that "your ringing words are equal to anything uttered by the immortal Patrick Henry or the equally immortal Robert G. Ingersoll."

One of the Red Queen's stumbling blocks has been her eldest son and heir, Frederick, who is evidently a stern and prosaic realist. On one occasion he offered his own recipe for the world's ills:

Mother, the only trouble with this world is that people are not honest. Spend your time and money to instill in the coming generation that honesty is the cardinal virtue, and all your troubles will vanish; no graft, no sharp practice; an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, and a fair profit to all for what they give.

And in a more impassioned mood Frederick wrote to his crusading parent:

Mother, I love you, and Jeannette would, too, if you gave her half a chance, but please get away from that bunch of agitators that live off the fat of the land, in one of the most beautiful spots on earth, and kick and kick and never do anything to change conditions. The last few years you have been going around with so many cranks and kickers that you can't see any good in the world.

But if Frederick, judging from the internal evidence, seems to be something of a Babbitt, other

members of the Crane family have shared Mrs. Gartz's tendency to deviate from the orthodox. Her father, although a practical and successful captain of industry, was rather unduly obsessed with the morals and manners of college boys and once delivered himself of the following jeremiad:

An outsider scarcely can realize the amount of drinking that goes on in the clubrooms of the colleges. Referring particularly to Harvard, the average of students who combine in a mild degree wine with bad women is 65 per cent; men who drink heavily, 35 per cent; men who have had but two or three "bats" a year, 45 per cent. In Princeton it is beer, beer, beer. The town is "license" and the students drink even more than Harvard men. On one occasion there must have been more than 300 students dead drunk. In Yale drinking is recognized in so great a degree that clubs have their tables in the barrooms. I found New Haven a dissolute, debauched and whiskey town. Some time ago the statement appeared in a New Haven paper that there were 2000 fallen women in that city.

Her brother, Charles R. Crane, former Minister to China and Russia, also seems to have wandered in his later years, if we can trust the following note in Ambassador Dodd's *Diary*:

He (Charles R. Crane) talked of his coming interview with the Pope about a sort of pact with the Islam world whereby the followers of Mohammed may be protected against the Jews who are taking Palestine. He makes the impression of being a little in his dotage.

Long years of strange experiences . . .
have upset his equilibrium somewhat.

After all, eccentricity is no more surprising in America's dynasties of wealth than in Europe's dynasties of birth. Kate Crane-Gartz is an authentic and unique product of the American scene. In the more sophisticated countries of Europe one would scarcely find such a naïve combination of *parvenu* delight in the display of wealth and luxury with blatantly dogmatic denial of the moral validity of the system which made this wealth and luxury possible. The Red Queen of California belongs in a gallery of American Naturals, side by side with that inimitable Bishop Emeritus of the diocese of Arkansas, the Right Unreverend William Montgomery Brown, who was suddenly transformed in his old age into a rampant atheist and communist, and kicked up all sorts of

didoes until he was gathered to his fathers, leaving a considerable bequest from his substantial estate to the Communist Party and affiliated groups.

Some day Americans may look back to Kate Crane-Gartz with regret, not for anything she has said, done, "thought" or written, but because her whole career was the reflection of a relatively free and prosperous social order which could meet eccentricity with toleration. There are worthier expressions of freedom of the spirit than this exhibitionist lady from the mansion in Altadena. But for the sake of these worthier expressions one hopes Mrs. Gartz can go on playing her role to the end of her days, tweaking the noses of authority, pestering the life out of sweating newspaper editors, and collecting her nosebags of appreciation from like-minded admirers.

EGO

BY ALINE W. LIEBMAN

THE fertile earth and I are one,
I am the restless sea,
And the bright fingers of the sun
Are intertwined in me.

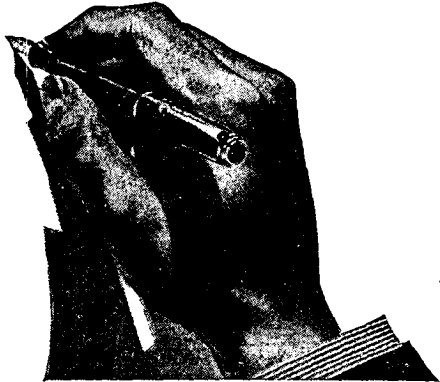
I am the nebulous, cold light
That issues from a star,
I am identical with night,
And morning's avatar.

I am the body and the brain,
The thinker and the thought,
And mine the power and the pain
By which all men are wrought.

I am the bounty and the curse,
The fragment and the whole —
And I must rack the universe
To know my little soul.

Four safeguards for your life insurance dollars:

- 1. Our own investment specialists*
- 2. Directors' finance & real estate committees.*
- 3. Diversification of investments*
- 4. Geographic distribution*



WITH MEN WHO INVEST policyholders' money, safety is always the first consideration.

How does Metropolitan try to make sure that its investments will be safe?

In the first place, the law prescribes the kinds of investments which may be made. In addition, the Company employs other safeguards. For example . . .

1. Investment Specialists. Metro-

politan has a staff of investment specialists, each trained in a particular field. These men investigate each proposed investment, compiling and digesting a huge mass of information. Always, return on the principal is secondary to return of the principal.

2. The Finance and Real Estate Committees. After the work of these specialists has been carefully checked, each proposed investment must be approved by the Finance,

or the Real Estate, Committee of the Board of Directors.

3. *Diversification of investments.*

For maximum safety, money must be put to work in many *different* investments. Today, Metropolitan funds are at work in many types of industries, as well as in first mortgages on farms, office buildings, stores, and homes, and in the bonds of Federal, state, county, and local governments . . . more than 100,000 different investments in all.

4. *Geographic Distribution.*

Metropolitan funds are at work throughout the United States and Canada. This wide geographic distribution of funds minimizes the effects of varying business or agricultural conditions that may arise in any one section.

Of course, each Metropolitan investment, once made, is carefully watched. Metropolitan's investment experts must be ever on the alert.

Because the interest earned by the Company's investments helps pay the cost of your life insurance, Metropolitan strives to earn the highest rate of interest consistent with *safety*. During the past ten years, there has been a substantial

decline in interest income on most forms of life insurance company investments. One result has been to reduce the amount available for dividends to policyholders—a reduction which the savings in mortality and expenses have not been sufficient to offset.

These are four safeguards with which Metropolitan surrounds the funds that about 29,000,000 policyholders have entrusted to its care. They give assurance that in the future, as always in the past, the Company will fulfill all its obligations, in good times and bad.

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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



► *A revolution in thinking: Science
and Religion are being reconciled.*

MODERN SCIENCE DISCOVERS GOD

BY EDWARD J. BING, PH.D.

THE tumult of war and social change is eclipsing temporarily another revolution at least equally important. Science has become God-conscious. Behind this epoch-making upheaval in scientific thought, which will inevitably have profound repercussions in practically every branch of human culture, are no dreamers or fanatics, but the ranking physicists, astronomers and mathematicians of the Twentieth Century. In their objective observation of the universe, these hard-headed research men have reached a point where science and religion meet, at last, in the master concept of a Universal Mind, one great Cosmic Intelligence of which everything is part.

To understand this revolutionary change and some of its tremendous implications, let us first look backward. When Napoleon asked Pierre Laplace, the greatest astronomer and mathematician of his time, why God was nowhere mentioned in his works, the famous scientist replied, "Sire, I do not

need that hypothesis." Laplace's remark summed up the scientific attitude of the eighteenth century, and of the nineteenth, in which the purely rationalistic, mechanistic approach to the problems of the Universe became general. Basic in this older type of scientific thought was the Law of Causation — the doctrine that in principle every happening in the Cosmos is predetermined by "laws of nature." Hardly more than a generation ago, the great T. H. Huxley wrote in *Method and Results*:

Anyone who is acquainted with the history of science will admit that its progress has in all ages meant, and now, more than ever, means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all realms of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.

Even today, dogmatic materialism and rationalism still dominate almost every field of Western thought.

Yet just one generation ago, the approach to nature in terms of airtight determinism, rationalism and

materialism got its first shock through the Quantum Theory, enunciated by Professor Max Planck, famed Nobel Prize winner in physics. Planck's Theory of Radiation had culminated in the assertion, now generally accepted by science, that the operation of the Universe is not one sustained, uninterrupted process. It is effected in tiny jumps or jerks, reminding us of the movement of the hands of a watch. Planck introduced to physical science the so-called "constant h ," a unit denoting the ever-constant size of the jerks by which the Universe operates. I am inclined to call those jerks the pulsation, and the "constant h " the rhythm, of the Universe.

The original form of the Quantum Theory was merely the first rumbling of the earthquake which was to shake scientific thought to its foundations. In 1917, Albert Einstein showed that the Law of Causation did not entirely guide the operation of the Cosmos. Soon afterward Prince Louis de Broglie, member of the French Academy and another Nobel Prize winner in physics, published his theory of Wave Mechanics. In this theory, de Broglie tried to explain the reason for the apparently erratic behavior of electrons in joining protons to form atoms of one par-

ticular element, as distinct from atoms of another. The only possible explanation of that erratic behavior seemed to be that, as various physicists expressed it, "*the electron chooses to make one particular jump and not another.*" Let's call a spade a spade. To say that an electron "chooses" to do anything *is to attribute free will to the electron.*

But this development in physical science merely set off the avalanche of amazing discoveries that followed. During the last ten years another physicist of international fame, Professor E. Schrödinger, has carried the implications of de Broglie's discoveries further and made a direct attack upon the time-honored methods of scientific thought itself. In a lecture entitled *What Is a Law of Nature?*, Schrödinger referred to the former belief that the behavior of molecules is determined by absolute causality. The widespread conviction that anything else would be unthinkable, he pointed out, arose from our age-old habit of assuming a cause for everything. This inherited custom of "causal thinking" made the idea of undetermined events — of absolute, primary *casualness* — seem complete nonsense, a *logical* absurdity. But actually, the famous physicist went on:

. . . from what source was [this] habit of causal thinking derived? Why, from observing for hundreds and thousands of years precisely *those regularities* in the natural course of events which, in the light of our present knowledge, are most certainly *not governed by causality*. . . . *Therewith this traditional habit of thinking loses its rational foundation.*

Then, five years after Schrödinger, another international celebrity, Professor Werner Heisenberg, published the modern form of the Quantum Theory. It officially sealed the doom of physical science's traditional mechanistic and deterministic approach to Nature. Its most important aspect is the now generally accepted Principle of Indeterminacy.

We used to visualize Nature as a kind of factory operating with hundred per cent precision. Yet, as Sir James Jeans, one of the world's greatest physicists, expresses it, Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy "now makes it appear that nature abhors accuracy and precision above all things." Physical science had taught us that if we knew the position and the speed of motion of an electron in space at a certain moment, and any other forces which might act on it, we could foretell the entire future behavior of that electron. Therefore, we were told, theoretically at least we should be able to

foretell the future of the universe.

Heisenberg's discovery has demonstrated that the future of the universe cannot be foretold under any circumstances. Contrary to hitherto sacrosanct scientific belief, it is impossible to foretell what a particular electron will do at a particular moment. All that science is able to predict is what it is *most likely* to do. The determinism of physical science, applied to the past and future of the universe, has been superseded by the Theory of Probabilities. So far, at least, as atomic physics is concerned, rationalistic scientific thinking has been replaced by a non-rational approach. The old, iron-bound Law of Causality, has been dethroned in favor of the statistical method.

This revolution in scientific thought is a matter of the immediate past. The overwhelming majority of our generation is totally unaware that it has occurred. Their approach to the problems of life and science is still governed by mechanistic determinism.

Meanwhile Jeans, and Sir Arthur Eddington, another of the world's greatest physicists, have sounded the death-knell of the now defunct scientific materialism. Says Eddington in his *Science and Religion*: ". . . so far as we have yet gone in our probing of the material uni-

verse, we find no evidence in favor of determinism." Jeans writes:

. . . mechanics has already shot its bolt and has failed dismally. . . . The future may not be as unalterably determined by the past as we used to think.

In other words, "exact" science now frankly admits that it is not exact. This admission is a sign of greatness, just as the absence of self-criticism is a symptom of pettiness. Says Jeans:

. . . The Universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power . . . a universal mind of which your mind and mine . . . are units or even excrescences. . . .

In another passage he actually refers to the Cosmos as the creation of a "Great Architect of the Universe."

Eddington also writes, in *The Nature of the Physical World*:

The idea of a Universal Mind or Logos would be, I think, a fairly plausible inference from the present state of scientific theory; at least it is in harmony with it.

But in its search for God, science did not stop there. Modern physicists consider energy to be the common denominator of the Cosmos. Jeans calls energy the fundamental entity of the Universe. And Professor Carl Gustav Jung, the world-famous Swiss psychologist and thinker, writes in his

Modern Man in Search of a Soul: "We might be tempted to call energy God, and thus blend into one spirit and nature."

We have seen the Universe being referred to as the manifestation of a designing power, of an all-embracing thinking force, of Universal Mind, or *Logos*, as the work of a Great Architect of the Universe. Now, for the first time, we hear the word *God* in connection with it. But it is a psychologist and philosopher who uses it. One may wonder whether any physicist would have the courage to carry the revolutionary attitude of exact science to the point of speaking of *God* as the ultimate reality. A book published last fall by Dr. Gustav Strömberg, distinguished member of the Mount Wilson Observatory staff at Pasadena, gives the answer to that question. Dr. Strömberg is widely known in the fields of astronomy, astro-physics and mathematics for his works on the motions and absolute magnitudes of giant stars, the determination of solar motion, and kindred subjects. In the introductory passage of his latest work, *The Soul of the Universe*, he writes: "The (present) study leads to the inevitable conclusion that there exists a World Soul or God." And he concludes thus, the last eight

lines being a quotation from the famed Christian mystic, Sister Benediction:

On and on we must sail through eternity, learning new lessons and performing new missions, all the time preparing ourselves for bigger and bigger tasks in the service of the *Inscrutable One*. This seems to be our Destiny.

Creation rejoices and sings
In tune with a Cosmic plan,
Nature eternally brings
Wonders in stars and man.
The eagle in the summer sky,
The worm beneath the sod,
The sun, the moon, and you, and I,
We live and move in God.

What is this? What has come over the leading physicists of our generation? What has happened to scientific thought? A revolution. That revolution has remained practically unnoticed. Yet, it is many times greater, and liable to be more far-reaching in its effects, than the French Revolution. In its scope, it may dwarf the communist, fascist and Nazi revolutions. Probably few people will remember those when the effects of this revolution in basic scientific thought are only beginning to make themselves generally felt just as the scientific outlook of the eighteenth century thinkers, as we have seen, became general only in the nineteenth. It is no exaggeration to say that in cultural significance this spiritual revolution is paralleled only by the

Reformation. Four hundred years after the Religious Reformation, in fact, we are witnessing the birth of the Scientific Reformation.

II

I call this epoch-making revolution in physical science and scientific thought the Scientific Reformation because the religious Reformation of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and Zwingli professed the desire to return to the ancient ways of Christian thought; while the Scientific Reformation of Planck, Einstein, de Broglie, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Eddington, Jeans, Strömberg and others is a return to ancient philosophical and scientific forms of approach to the Cosmos.

Some 2500 years before our generation the Indian thinker Siddharta Gotama, known as the Buddha, stated precisely, in almost scientific terms, that causal thinking is an inherent characteristic of the unenlightened human mind—or as I personally prefer to express it, of Universal Mind in its manifestation through the human brain. Buddha preached liberation from suffering by realizing the basic fallacy of causal thinking. Our minds, he taught, are caught in a web made up of myriads of intertwining

chains of apparent causes and apparent effects. We call this web of self-delusion Reality. In Chinese science and philosophy, non-causal thinking has been a perfectly conscious technique of reasoning for two thousand years.

As for Relativity, the doctrine of the relativity of all cognitions was generally accepted by the philosophers of India and China long before the Christian era. Protagoras, the great thinker of the fifth pre-Christian century of Greek thought, expressed the principle of Relativity, in all its implications, in one key maxim: "Man is the measure of all things." Twenty-three hundred years before the Quantum Theory, this maxim made it clear that "laws of nature" are merely the results of the causal technique of human thought.

As for the concept of Universal Mind, or *Logos*, as the essence of the Universe, which Eddington accepts, Sir Flinders Petrie, the father of modern Egyptology, has shown that the same concept was widely accepted by thinkers of the Greek-speaking world during the first century B.C. and the first two centuries A.D. The fathers of the Christian church, including Origenes, knew it well; the early Christians referred to it as the Holy Ghost. To the Jewish Cabbalists it

was known, and still is known, as *Shekhinah*. The *Logos* concept, i.e., the visualization of the Universe as pure thought, as one indivisible thought-force, has been known for more than 2500 years to the Vedantic philosophy of India as *purusha*, and to Buddhism as *viññana*. Under the Sanskrit name of *chit shakti*, *Logos* has been a tenet of the Tantric school of Indian thought for some 1000 years. For 900 years, Mohammedan mysticism has known it as *el ahkyl el kully* — the literal Arabic equivalent of "Universal Mind."

We have seen that various contemporary scientists conceive of Universal Mind or *Logos* as pure thought. Others, like Professor Jung, define it as energy. It is important to note that this is only an apparent contradiction. In this connection I wrote last fall, in the concluding chapter of my autobiography, *Of the Meek and the Mighty*:

During the past ten or twenty years the physicists of the Western world have arrived at the recognition that there is only energy and no matter. . . . In other words, the latest Western scientific conception of the Universe is one of . . . energy, in the form of electromagnetic vibration. . . . However, one further cognition is necessary, namely this:

Energy, or call it electricity if you prefer, is merely a *vehicle*. It is the vehicle

of which creative and perceptive thought, which exists both within and without the ganglions of the brains of living creatures, avails itself. In fact, it is the sole form in which intra-individual and extra-individual, or human and non-human thought — that is, Universal Thought in its two aspects — propagates itself. But energy, or electricity, is merely the vehicle of Universal Thought or Universal Mind. . . .

Universal Mind, which manifests itself through energy, and through energy alone, not only moves the Universe; it is the Universe; *it is the spiritual aspect of energy, that is, of the Cosmos.*

Conversely, energy is the dynamic aspect of Universal Mind. In my opinion, this conception of the one and indivisible Universal Mind, with its twin aspects as pure thought and as pure energy, can fully satisfy the modern scientist, the philosopher and the religious thinker. It can serve equally well the mystic's urge for spiritual at-oneness with the Deity. It is no mere coincidence that the astrophysicist Strömberg concludes his book with a quotation from a noted mystic.

Ethics, of course, belongs to the domain of philosophy and religion; it is entirely outside science's scope and field of research. But there is a strong incentive for ethical conduct in the pantheistic concept of Universal Mind. To realize

that we are *identical* with Universal Mind is a particularly valid reason for a constant effort to refine and to improve our ethical fabric, to make it more and more homogeneous with the fabric of the extra-human, the divine aspect of Universal Mind. I realize, of course, that many people feel they obtain greater spiritual support and ethical guidance from a belief in a personal God who is distinct from the Universe and therefore from themselves. In this connection, I wrote in the book already referred to:

Those who prefer to believe in a personal God, distinct from the Cosmos, will find it quite compatible with their convictions to look upon Universal Mind, i.e., upon the Cosmos, as the manifestation, the active principle, the dynamics, of the Godhead.

In so doing, they will be in good company. This same conception is held by the great Samkhya school of Hindu philosophy. It was, of course, held by the Nicaean Fathers, who some 1600 years ago blended the concepts of a Savior; of *Logos* or Universal Mind, which they termed the Holy Ghost; and of a monotheistic God, into the harmonious whole of the Trinity.

We are facing the significant fact that scientific and religious thought, in their higher aspects,

now can be brought down to a common denominator. The new era is characterized by a return to the highest metaphysical concepts of the ancient past, and by the fundamental readjustment and reformation of scientific thought. That is why I am inclined to call the birth of the new era in science the *Scientific Reformation*.

Science and Religion, I believe, can now bury the hatchet. They benefit alike from science's discovery of God. The man of science can no longer be looked upon as an

"unimaginative agnostic." On the other hand, his discovery of the new, and yet old, all-embracing, key hypothesis of the Universe as pure thought, as a divine thinking force, leads him out of the impasse in which his dogmatic mechanistic approach had landed him. The concept of Universal Mind in its twin aspects — pure thought and pure energy — is not merely the common denominator of religious and scientific thought. It is also the "Open sesame" to new triumphs of scientific research.



RAIN IN THE JUNGLE

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THIS is a rain that does not fall — it pounds,
 Like jungle drums, on leaf and roof and stone;
 It wakens voices but to wrap all sounds
 In one vast, throbbing, watery monotone.
 The flames of plumage flutter, fade behind
 The sudden walls of water moving in
 To crowd the heart and press about the mind
 With all that was or is or might have been.

Let parrots scream, half heard, unseen in flight,
 Let small brown deer for cover leap and dart
 Into obscurity of less than light,
 But there is no escaping for the heart —
 For it must beat with jungle drums of rain,
 Repeating . . . till they thunder in the brain.

► *Are workers under the swastika slaves?
Analysis reveals some startling facts.*

LABOR UNDER HITLER

By LUDWIG HAMBURGER

RECENTLY the American press quoted an astonishing admission. According to R. W. Darré, German Minister for Agriculture and a key figure in the Nazi party, Germany plans to set up in subjected countries "a modern form of medieval slavery." That Darré made this shocking statement has been denied. But it is often suggested that under Adolf Hitler's regime even the native German worker is a "slave." Is that a rhetorical overstatement? Or is it true that slavery, as social and historical science define that supposedly outworn institution, is the condition of working men and women in Germany today? To answer that grim question we must look beyond the surface of German living conditions at the mass of regulations and schedules which fix the worker's occupation, his wages, his hours — indeed, his whole existence.

At first glance, the status of the German worker under the Nazis seems most closely to resemble that of the medieval bondsman. The *colonus* of the later Roman Empire,

the serf of the Middle Ages, was a part of the estate of his squire or lord. In the language of feudal law, he was *glebae adscriptus*; that is, fixed on the estate, which he could not leave. Substitute "job" for "estate," and you have in part the condition of the German workman today.

This situation began in 1934, with the farm hands. Construction work on new highways, flying fields, camps, barracks and factories attracted many men from the country, especially for unskilled work such as shoveling and excavating. As a result a shortage of hands began to be felt on the farms. But instead of letting the laws of the labor market correct this by an increase in farm wages, it was made illegal for farm workers to take non-agricultural jobs. Thus the Nazis tied them to their occupation. They were fixed, not to particular estates, but to the soil.

As rearmament speeded up and labor became scarce, the Nazis extended that practice beyond the sphere of agriculture. Thus it was

made illegal in 1937 to hire metal and construction workers without the permission of the employment authorities. Men in those classifications had to remain in the jobs they happened to hold, whether they liked it or not. By March, 1939, the labor shortage was general and other large groups were prohibited from changing employment. Finally, at the beginning of the war, that right was withdrawn from *all* workers, whether salaried employees, apprentices, or persons working without pay. Every German worker, whether in business, industry, public or private administration, or even the household, was tied to his job. Only the employment authorities had the right to set him free. He had been converted into a modern counterpart of the bondsman or serf of late antiquity or medieval times.

However, the serf enjoyed considerable advantages the German does not. If under feudal law he had no right to move, his lord under the same law had no right to drive him from the estate. Nazi feudalism disregards this essential feature of the older system. As a result, utter instability of employment is another characteristic of the worker's position under Nazi rule. As early as 1934, the Nazis forced former agricultural workers in in-

dustrial jobs to return to the farms. In 1936 new laws compelled metal workers and skilled members of the building crafts who had entered other trades to return to their original occupations. In 1938, all former miners engaged in non-agricultural work were sent back to the mines. Finally, in 1938, the employment offices ordered *all* "strangers to their occupations" into "activities of greater purpose." Meanwhile, in 1937, tens of thousands of young clerks were shifted from their office work into manual labor on farms, roads and buildings. At the same time great numbers of workers were forced out of the textile trades and industries. These were by no means isolated instances, and more sweeping regulations followed.

In June, 1938, a general labor-conscription law was enacted. It empowered the employment authorities not only to draft all men and women not holding paid jobs, but also to call regular employees from their positions and to assign them to whatever work, locality and employer the government deemed necessary. Hundreds of thousands have thus been moved from one employment to another. The worker may not quit his employer, nor may the employer fire the worker, without permission

from the state. But the government can discharge the worker at any time, without the employer's consent, and can send him wherever it likes. Nazi feudalism, in other words, is one-sided feudalism. It provides immobility of labor, but at the same time adds the most unfederal mobility.

Here is where slavery enters the picture. For mobility is one of the great distinguishing characteristics of slave labor as known throughout the centuries. The slave is a commodity, and as such may be disposed of as his master thinks fit. He may be sent to another district, to another part of the country, or abroad. Far from being tied to the estate like the serf, the slave, like other goods and chattels, is movable at will.

Such compulsory mobility is precisely that of German labor under the Nazi regime. Is the worker, in these circumstances, a slave? Mobility alone, perhaps, would not make him one. But control is not limited to his employment. Every aspect of his life is regimented. His pay is fixed by elaborate schedules. Merely asking for a wage beyond schedule, let alone receiving it, entails drastic punishment. Long working hours are fixed under statute. Indeed all working conditions, including such

things as vacations, membership in organizations, and recreation, are controlled — not to mention the control of food, clothing, speech, etc., which the worker must undergo with the rest of Germany. A worker quitting his job without the required authority can be forced by his employer to return — the modern equivalent to the right to reclaim a fugitive slave.

There is no province of the German worker's life not subject to strict control. You may, however, still hesitate to call him a slave, because our popular idea of slavery is closely bound up with the system of private ownership.

II

In our minds, the slave is a man who is another man's property, and can be sold. The German employer, of course, does not own the worker and cannot sell him. But the essential feature of slavery as a social institution is not that the slave can be owned or sold, but that he is not a free man; i.e., *that he is completely controlled by somebody else*. In the past, such control was linked to and stemmed from the institution of private ownership. To be under complete outside control the slave had to be a citizen's private property. The history of

labor in Nazi Germany shows, however, that that need not be so — that complete control of a man can be achieved without private ownership. Instead, *the Nazi state* controls the worker. All the compulsions referred to are exercised and centralized by government agencies.

Thus the German worker is in the position of a slave. The only thing new about his status is that he does not belong to a private master. In other words, it is not the institution of slavery that has been outlived. What has been outlived is our concept of slave labor. It needs to be adjusted to the Nazi reality of state ownership of labor. Under this modernized slavery the position of the German employer, too, ceases to be confusing. He is certainly not equivalent to the ancient master. He is merely a liaison officer between state and worker — an instrument of the administration of labor, the modern equivalent, as it were, of the overseer in times of private ownership. It also becomes clear why the Nazis need not deprive the worker of his nominal freedom. While state control strips that term of every significance, the worker still is and remains “free” — from private ownership.

Under either system, the posi-

tion of the worker is much the same. Under private ownership, the master had the right wantonly to kill the slave, until, during the first two centuries of our era, the Roman Empire gradually provided protective legislation. Under Nazi public ownership, the worker carries a booklet, a labor passport in which are recorded all essential details of his training, abilities and vocational career. To employ a man who has no such work book is illegal. Thus the employment authorities, by withholding or withdrawing a worker's book, can at any time condemn him to starvation.

Under the system of state ownership, the slave is much worse off than he was when privately owned. In ancient Greece and Rome, the principal sources of slaves were foreign conquest and purchase abroad. In the Southern United States the main source of slaves was purchase from traders. Never did it occur to Greece or Rome or the South to turn their own citizens into workers against their will or desire, let alone into unfree workers. The Nazis, too, are known to have used their conquests to supply them with labor by shipping Czechs, Danes, Poles, Dutchmen and other foreign workers into Germany by tens of thousands. But in addition, every class in the

home population can be subjected to labor conscription. Thus the Nazis have opened up a vast new source of slaves, far beyond anything sanctioned in slave-holding societies of the past, by turning their own independent producers and traders into forced workers. They began with non-Jewish peddlers and itinerant salesmen, a large percentage of whom have been compelled since 1937 to give up their trade and to work on farms and in factories. Soon afterwards, in 1938 and 1939, the Nazis picked upon the shops of artisans and skilled craftsmen. A plan was announced to close some 500,000 shops and to force the owners "to join the rank and file of the industrial working class."

There are good reasons to believe that in actual fact this program has affected far greater numbers. And thousands of retail tradesmen have been treated in the same way. In earlier slave-holding societies it was a rather extraordinary event for a man to become the property of another, demanding considerable initiative and activity on the one hand and unusual bad luck on the other. Under a system of public ownership, a decree is issued and an entire economic group becomes the property of the state. If you are in that group, it means you.

III

And it means your children. In March, 1938, German parents and guardians were ordered to report to the employment offices the names of all children leaving primary and secondary schools. The offices received authority to order the young to turn up in person. Thus, with the right of conscription and a monopoly on vocational "guidance," they were in a position not only to mobilize practically the entire youth of the country, but also to direct it into the trades and industries they decided needed the young most. At the end of 1938 schoolmasters and school administrations were made agents of the employment authorities. They boasted, the next summer, that all young people who left school at Easter time, 1939, had practically without exception been assigned to employment by April or May. The vast majority of these children were only fourteen years old. Compulsory juvenile labor is another blessing provided by the public ownership of workers devised in Hitler's "wave of the future." Under conditions of private ownership only slaves bear slaves; under the Nazi system, everyone is a potential bearer of slaves. In fact, everyone is a potential slave.

Under Hitler, moreover, the hopes that even the slave enjoyed under private ownership no longer exist. It would seem that in every slave-owning society of the past the slave had a fair chance of escaping his condition. He could be liberated, and very frequently was.

For example a master, either during his lifetime or by the terms of his will, could free a slave through manumission. The German worker, having no private master, has no private benefactor either. Certainly his employer cannot liberate him. The German workingman faces only the state. Should he by any chance be released, however lawfully — this in exceptional circumstances may occur — it is his duty to report forthwith to the employment authorities. They take care of him at once. . . .

Another road to freedom, in antiquity, was adoption by a citizen. Scarcely anything worse could befall a German worker. By entering a family circle, he would have to work without pay, besides being denied the right to seek regular paid employment elsewhere (except by permission of the employment authorities): the "aiding family member" has ceased to exist as an economic personality. Nor can Hitler's workers buy their freedom — a way out of bondage

open to the slave as early as 2100 B.C. under the celebrated Code of Hammurabi. In Babylonia as well as in other ancient civilizations the slave might, within certain limits, engage in business and acquire property, a particular kind of estate that in Roman law became famous under the name of *peculium*. And with what he had thus acquired he might buy himself from his master. For the German workingman to engage in business is for all practical purposes impossible. Everything necessary to start a business enterprise — capital, credit, raw materials, equipment, not to mention prices, terms of contract, profits, etc. — is as rigidly controlled by the Nazi state as is the worker himself. He can buy rationed foodstuffs and clothing from retailers, so far as his wages and savings permit. From the government, he can buy liberty bonds, but not liberty.

The position of the German worker is an extraordinary one. He is a serf, but he is mobile. Thus he is also a slave. Conditions which in the past were mutually exclusive combine very well under a system of state ownership. What have been combined, however, are not the advantages inherent in feudalism and slavery; those have been dropped. Only the disadvantages

have been revived. Hitler has at the same time out-feudalized the Middle Ages and out-servilized antiquity. As a net result, German labor has been tied and subjected to the state hand and foot.

There is no precedent for such conditions in the history of unfree labor. Probably the servitude in which the Spaniards found the subjects of the Peruvian Incas, as reported by Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century chroniclers, approaches that of Nazi labor most closely. German workers, some 20,000,000 men and women, and potentially every German and subjected alien, have undergone regimentation the like of which, in scope and intensity, humanity has never seen. There is no traditional word to describe their condition adequately. For a parallel to it we must turn to the insects — to the social life of the ant-hill, to those restless and efficient creatures which, while seemingly independent units, are described by Maurice Maeterlinck as being disseminated cells of a collective body, and inescapably controlled by its central law. It is

the depersonalization, the nationalization of labor. It is Man, Incorporated.

Does German labor like being regimented, or dislike it? This writer, who once was a mechanic in a German factory, ventures to suggest that the German worker is more easily amenable to regimentation than any other type of European worker, except in Eastern Europe. Nor must it be taken for granted that under this new condition, German labor has been or need necessarily be miserable. In the past, slaves as well as serfs not infrequently enjoyed fairly high living standards. Living conditions in Nazi Germany are beyond the scope of this study. However, it is pretty safe to say that because of full employment, the living conditions of the German working population as a whole had improved, when the war began, over 1932 or 1933. But it is equally true that under Hitler, they have continuously remained far below the standards reached from 1925 to 1929, years of German prosperity and workers' freedom.



MUSH-MUSH

A Story

BY LILI VALENTY

It looked like a tiny kangaroo, its hind legs were so long. The grocer who was giving it away explained that its mother, when carrying it, had had the grippe. Vera loved the kitten at first sight. She tucked it into her coat and caressed with her lips the black, silky skull. Would Tommy like it? Would he let her keep it?

She crossed the Hector Strasse near the Kurfuerstendamm, deposited her suitcase in the entrance hall, and jerked the heavy grocery bag up into the right angle of her arm. The kitten squealed timidly. Vera reassured it, rummaged in her pocketbook for the elevator key, squeezed herself and all her belongings through both doors, and at last pushed the sixth floor button. The elaborate iron cage moved slowly up. It stopped, and hot, stagnant attic air met Vera. This was home! At last! She banged the huge fireproof door with her fist.

Tommy opened the door immediately. He was in shirt sleeves,

disheveled and absent-minded. Just as she had seen him in her homesick dreams. "Ooh, a kitten!" he exclaimed, suddenly happy, radiant, active. He snatched it from her and put it on the table. "No word for me — no welcome — I *like* that!" Vera thought, jealous and suddenly miserable. But she said nothing, just stood there and watched him and the kitten, who showed no timidity and accepted with curiosity and good humor the thorough examination by Tommy's tender, inquisitive hands.

"Where did you get it? Can we keep it? And how was the play? Hello, Pittypat!" So he had finally gotten around to her! Vera immediately recovered her happiness and her feeling of coming home. It made her almost cry. They embraced. No, she wouldn't let him carry the bag. She could manage everything by herself — and much better than he, anyway! Had he had his lunch? How were the finances? She had brought plenty of

food. And a whole bunch of bank notes! Not a thing to worry about, for weeks to come! By then, he would have sold this new book of his. The play hadn't been so good . . . but it had been personal success for her, the guest star.

In the kitchenette, a bottle of Rheinwein was cooling to the right temperature for a welcome and a baptism. Vera displayed her extravagances on the table: caviar, goose-liverwurst, Westphalian ham, butter, rolls, — milk for the kitten. They raised the glasses to their new baby. "Tiger" was to be its name.

But they called it Mush-Mush. Except for occasional introductions: "Have you met Tiger?" Or educational lectures: "Tiger, will you please learn to use your tray? I'm sick of your bad manners, Tiger!"

Mush-Mush grew slowly in front — not so slowly in back. Her eyes were beautiful and mischievous, the eyes of a crippled child. Her white fur was always immaculate, the saddle, the paws, the bob-shaped wig coal black. She loved boiled beef and flowers. She sat during meals on Vera's lap, grabbing from the brim of her plate, with supple, insolent paws. No flower arrangement was safe. She would stealthily extract one fragrant stem from a vase, carry it

tenderly through the room, now speeding up, now slowing down her pace, suddenly rolling over and flinging it in the air; she would squat down, lurk with swollen neck and giddy eyes, suddenly thrust herself upon it, catch and run; then relax on her back, and inhale the fragrance, eyes closed, all sweetness and innocent joy; presently throw up her paws, as if in a trance, the flower firmly clutched between them, roll back and forth, finally crushing it under her furry, exalted self. Tommy called it: "Mush-Mush plays Pavlova."

She was doubtlessly in love with Tommy. Wherever he went, she went. She sat in the kitchenette when he was cooking; she squatted next to the typewriter on his desk, when he was working at his book; she slept, cuddled up at his feet, at night. But her love was not always patient. She often tried to attract his attention: by jumping on the kitchen table, when he was preparing a dish; by suddenly banging a key of his typewriter, when he was doing some quiet thinking; by thumping down on his hand, when he moved in his sleep.

The release on the sixth floor button was soon a familiar sound to her. For some inscrutable reason, she knew it from all the other floor buttons. Whenever it was pushed,

she ran to the door and sat down to see who was coming. Only when Tommy was expected, she would not sit down. She would curve her back, make her tail quiver, pace from side to side, rub shoulders with the door frame, her face directed all the time towards the key-hole, from which the ultimate, gladdening sound was to emanate. Now and then, she would open her mouth wide — too wide for the dwarfed sound of affection that her vocal cords were able to produce. She was a little cripple — there was no doubt about it — but nobody seemed to notice it. She already belonged to the family.

II

The novel was finished and sold, and one day Tommy came home, his coat bulging with bank notes. For hours, he and Vera sprawled on the floor, bent over multi-colored maps, rapturously calling out names of faraway places. Then people started ringing the bell, asking and answering questions. Then drawers were emptied, suit-cases packed; finally Mush-Mush was almost crushed in two hurried, exalted embraces, and left alone with a stranger.

When Tommy and Vera returned from Spain, Mush-Mush

had changed. There was more of a tiger in her, now. Maybe because the novelist who had rented the studio for the time of their absence had drunk excessively, minding his own business, and forgetting — or even mistreating — his foster-child; maybe because Mush-Mush had simply matured. Anyway, though her manners and motions were still the same, her character and expression had changed.

She would sit and brood for hours at a time; she would get vicious when disturbed by a caress; she would become cruel and savage, and — in the midst of harmless play — scratch, bite and go hiding. Soon, Tommy's long legs were covered with an itching eczema.

Vera conscientiously applied the prescribed ointments, accompanying her treatment by adequate, tender words of pity for the patient, and reproachful outcries of disgust towards Mush-Mush, who obviously enjoyed watching the procedure. She seemed to have discovered the lust of spreading terror, since from then on, the calves of all male visitors became subject to her sudden, villainous attacks. This again would greatly amuse Tommy.

One late afternoon, in March 1933, Vera came home very quietly, sat on the edge of the couch,

without taking off her coat, buried her forehead in her hands, and remained listless. Tiger's caressing demands for attention and food went unnoticed. Vera stared into space. So Tiger sat down and stared at her. When, hours later, Tommy opened the door, he stumbled in the dark over a bitterly complaining cat. He immediately sensed something wrong, and, having stayed out longer than usual, he felt guilty and rebellious. An agitated political dispute with friends had made him drink and talk a great deal. He had forgotten the time, and was now overwrought, sick of words, and longing for peace and food. It was the first time that Vera could offer him neither.

Just then, Tiger, hungry, annoyed and determined to get things moving, launched an attack. What followed left her dazed, in a faraway corner, with a faraway look in her eyes: her master had kicked her. Kicked and cursed!

Ashamed at his violence, Tommy lost entire control of his words and gestures. A flood of questions, reproaches and accusations were showered upon Vera. She presently dropped her arms, raised her painfully stiff neck, and forced her dry, convulsed throat to a reply. Did he know, that he was an

Aryan, and that she was not? . . .

He knew it. So here it was again, the ever-recurring theme! So you couldn't escape it, after all! It followed you through restaurants, coffee-houses and little drinking-places, it sprang at you, wherever you stopped to meet friends, exchange views, and plan on business or fun; it raised endless discussions, it made you drink to excess, so as to comprehend the incomprehensible; it made men of few words raise their voices in heated arguments, and gave care-free chatterers food for alarmed, silent thought; it woke up dormant instincts, fed on prejudice and envy, and made the foundations of families tremble. A crusade had started — and few dared ignore it.

And he had dared to ignore it.

He sank down on the couch, next to her, and succumbed for a moment to the languor of drunkenness and blank despondency. Presently he took Vera in his arms with tenderness and understanding. All there was left in him now was the desire to reassure her and to keep her forever and ever.

They sat in the dark for a long time, holding each other like children who dare not admit that they had lost their way — while out of a distant corner two phosphorescent eyes stared fixedly at them.

They were soon very much alone, Vera and Mush-Mush. Tommy slept late, left in the early afternoon, and returned long after midnight. He avoided looking into Vera's eyes; they had grown darker, and had a haunted expression. He fled them and the decision that would have to be made, sooner or later. His complacent naïveté had begun to crumble, under the impact of hurried events; the gospel of a new revolutionary creed had slowly but steadily penetrated his thoughts and feelings, and he was desperately trying to save face by persuading himself that all there was to it was that his love for Vera was growing old.

Vera, meanwhile, was groping for her own original self, so utterly submerged in years of a happily married life. She had to find it, because she would need it soon. Something had to be done. Something sudden, infallible, final. Done by herself, alone.

It was not long before Mush-Mush — neglected by her master — transferred her affection to Vera. She became her constant companion, sat next to her when she prepared her solitary meals, watched sceptically her timid attempts to form, semi-voice, words in a foreign language, a well-worn grammar-book in her lap; dealt

sudden, impatient blows at her pen, whenever she was writing one of her long, never-dispatched letters. She even lay at her feet at night, now and then blinking disapprovingly towards Vera's restless, tossing shape. . . . At the hour of dawn, the *khrrllang* . . . *llang* of the elevator would send Tiger darting towards the door, and make Vera cuddle up, her heart in her throat. Presently, a tired, depressed Tommy would stump through the studio, bend suspiciously over the bed, exhaling a strong odor of alcohol and tobacco, make sure that Vera was sound asleep, undress awkwardly and crawl under his sheets. No sooner had his noisy, irregular breathing filled the room, when Mush-Mush poked her moist, soft nose into Vera's hidden, distorted face, sniffled, purred "You can't deceive me," and tugged at the blanket with short, tractive steps. Followed caresses and tender whispers. Then, there was silence, and the first ray of sun started on its journey along the wall.

III

Then came the dawn when, following the *khrrllang* . . . *llang* of the elevator and Mush-Mush's darting gallop, no steps resounded

to reassure Vera in her anxiety. She sat up in bed, rigid and listless, and suddenly heard throaty, plaintive sobs emanate from the studio. In no time, she was at his side, at the side of a wretched, tormented Tommy, who had sunk in a chair and buried his head in his arms on the table. She cried out, under her breath, and — tugging at his shoulders — laid her head beside his. He immediately lifted his face, dripping with tears and perspiration, and a flood of inarticulate sounds gushed from his throat. Yes, he was drunk! What did it matter! He wasn't only that: he was wounded, too! Five holes in his head — pretty, weren't they? He violently tore off his hat, and displayed five bleeding gashes. Yes, they had beaten him. Why? Because they had taken him for a Jew. That's why! A horrible misunderstanding, of course. What did it matter! They'd run amuck. They'd almost killed him. This was the end. If he were a Jew, he wouldn't stay one more minute. He'd leave — or kill himself!

Waking up, the following afternoon, he found himself alone in the apartment, his head disinfected and bandaged, a thermos bottle with hot coffee at his bedside. Vera returned from the American Consulate shortly after. Their con-

versation was matter of fact, seemingly unemotional. They disposed of their mutual belongings: Vera was to take all her personal things, and the sum of 700 marks, the amount she was allowed to have with her as an immigrant to the United States; Tommy was to keep the apartment, the furniture, the books — and the rest. And Mush-Mush? Well, Mush-Mush would have to be destroyed.

Vera bravely submitted to the inevitable. She forced herself to think straight and to stick to facts, real facts. No sentiment. No resentment. Practical facts. The Humane Society was listed in the phone book. The janitor had a picnic basket. The protesting Mush-Mush was squeezed into it, and taken on a long-trolley ride — her last voyage.

During the ride, the frustrated actress awoke in Vera, and she lost herself in a silent monologue: Mush-Mush, my little pet . . . I have loved you like my own little baby . . . maybe because you were so poor and tiny and crippled . . . maybe because you loved him. I liked to pet you and to tell you my small griefs. . . . Now the griefs have grown so big . . . and no one to speak to. Mush-Mush, I love him so . . . and there's nothing I can do to keep him. . . .

And I cannot take him with me to any distant, happy land. . . . Because he believes in his Leader . . . and I have to flee . . . I am an outcast, you see, worse than a cripple. . . .

She pulled herself together, just in time. This was her stop. She entered the old brick building. A sloppy, kind-faced factotum led her into a small dark courtyard. Would she care to witness the execution? It would all be very quick, painless and efficient. Electrocutation, you understand? No, she'd rather wait outside. So he disappeared with her basket behind a small, worm-eaten door. Vera remained behind. Some gracious power kept her motionless, without the boundaries of time or space. Mechanically she received the empty basket, paid her two marks, and took the trolley home. Still under the spell of that gracious hypnotic power, she turned the key in the door. There was Tommy — and an eager, strange young man, praising the superior quality of the new Corona typewriter, and taking the old one away. He had just sold to Tommy the latest model: 1934. "Heil Hitler!" The door closed behind him.

Only now, all strength and poise left Vera. The basket slipped from her hands, and long-fought tears

ran down her face. They poured down in an endless cataract, tears of misery, love and defeat, of helplessness and exile. They were so violent and indomitable that she couldn't stop them; she just shook her head, lifted her shoulders in a pathetic gesture of excuse, and whispered in the direction of Tommy's blurred outline, apologetically, interrupted by convulsive sobs: "First Mush-Mush . . . now the Corona . . . and soon I . . . I am next! . . ."

She was next.

The Belgian steamer was leaving Antwerp on a dreary, rainy day. Vera, cold and indifferent, stood on the upper deck, shivering and alone. The siren howled repeatedly, drowning out the muffled good-byes of people down below. "No one to see me off" thought Vera, her eyes narrow and dry. Just then, an animal cry, barely muffled by the thickening fog, rose up from the pier. The heart rending lament of a dog for his departing master. "This isn't going to upset me . . . no, no!" thought Vera, suddenly tense. "It's a dog! It isn't a cat, damn it!" She said to herself, "I'm not going to cry! Not ever!" and she lifted her head to make the unruly tears flow back. It was then that she saw the Stars and Stripes being hoisted to the top of the mast.

THE MAN WHO SHOWED MISSOURI

BY LLOYD LEWIS

THE night was full of dew, and it grew suddenly chill as the soldiers, already drenched with sweat from the sultry heat of an August marching day in southern Missouri, halted in a cornfield. Their blankets were in strips around the hoofs of the officers' horses up ahead and around the wheels of cannon just behind. Quiet had been necessary on this surprise attack.

It was now past midnight. Feet hurt, barked shins smarted, for it was the dark of the moon, and the road from Springfield out to Wilson's Creek where the Confederates lay, had been often rough in the darkness. The Kansas regiments growled less than the Iowans or Missourians, for they had been fighting "Slavocrats" six years already, over on the Kansas-Missouri border to the west, and they treated with veteran contempt the Iowa and St. Louis volunteers who had come rushing into this "new war" which had started last Spring — the Spring of 'sixty-one.

Under their breath, soldiers here

and there wondered to each other how their leaders would behave in the coming battle. They weren't so sure of some of the politicians who wore officers' uniforms, but they felt their General, the red-whiskered Nathaniel T. Lyon, knew his business. "We always win behind him," they said, even as they rehashed their resentment at the ferocity of his discipline. Over in one corner of the bivouac, the U. S. Regulars who had come in from the plains with Lyon, had tales of his fierce battle-fervor in the Seminole War, the Mexican War, the raids against the Indians on the Pacific Slope — tales of a little red-faced, red-bearded man killing giant Indians with his sword, a lean, tough hellion who, when raids were done and the doldrums of army post life came again, would bury himself in books, studying law, mesmerism, zoology, metaphysics, mathematics. And how he would go around shocking brother officers with the statement: "I am an infidel, perhaps an Atheist. Socrates was nobler than Jesus."

The Regulars told the Volunteers that maybe Lyon was crazy, but that he was surely the man to handle these Southerners. While they had been stationed in Kansas, Lyon had talked so sharply against "Slavocrats" that Southern-born officers had challenged him to duels. Lyon said it was beneath his moral code, but all the same nobody questioned his bravery.

This little martinet, Lyon, wasn't afraid of anything, the Regulars said, and they told about the time he had defied his colonel in defending the rights of the men. One of the sergeants had wanted to marry an officer's hired girl, and the Colonel had said, "No"; domestic help was scarce on the Plains. Lyon had been only a captain then, but he had called the lovers to his quarters, read them a chapter of Blackstone, lectured them on marital duty, and pronounced them man and wife.

"He's a terrible growler. He's smart. He's a hard nut," the teamsters said, and went on to regale the farm boys with stories of how Lyon would kick soldiers but wouldn't let them whip horses. He'd jerk the whip out of a man's hands and lay it on till the offenders howled their penitence. Once he stopped a man beating a dog and made the man get down on his

knees and ask the dog's pardon.

Nobody in the waiting army at Wilson's Creek liked Lyon, but everybody trusted him. After all, he was the first great commander to rise in the whole war. McDowell had been a failure at Bull Run, Scott was in his dotage. Lyon was "the coming man." He was the genius, the smasher, the swift destroyer. The boys compared him with Napoleon, with Cromwell, with red-headed Caesar.

Officers, lying near Lyon among large stones on the edge of the cornfield, looked at his high white forehead gleaming in the starlight and thought he seemed Puritan New England — harsh, dogmatic, high-minded — a Connecticut Yankee come by way of West Point to rule, in his forty-second year, the war in the West. Beside the General under a rubber blanket, large, fat, yellow-whiskered Major John M. Schofield said, "Are you comfortable?"

"I'm all right," said Lyon. "I was born among the rocks."

II

Schofield and the other officers, as well as the newspaper correspondents who lay near by, expected that the morrow would end the swiftest, most amazing campaign that the United States had so far seen.

The campaign had really begun when chance orders of the War Department the past February had moved Captain Lyon and a handful of bronzed Regulars in from the plains to guard the Government Arsenal at St. Louis. The Secession element in that city planned to seize the Arsenal and use it to force Missouri out of the Union and array her with her sister slave-states in Secession. Over in Lexington, the state capital, Governor Claiborne Jackson connived with Confederate emissaries to sway public sentiment to that end. When, all too quickly, the news of Fort Sumter and of President Lincoln's call for troops crashed down upon the country, Governor Jackson refused to supply men, said his state would remain neutral and that nobody dared give it orders. A state had sovereignty, it had "Rights." Against him worked the anti-slavery Germans of St. Louis and the politicians who had been raised on the "unconditional Union" gospel of Andrew Jackson. Between them gesticulated the conservatives, the bankers, the big tradesmen who wanted to keep Missouri "neutral."

Frank Blair, the politician, dispensing Lincoln's political patronage and his own superb oratory, coursed the state, denouncing Gov-

ernor Jackson. Old Sterling Price, the best-loved man of Missouri, sat at the head of the State Guard, trying to be Southern and pro-Union at the same time. Everybody talked — everybody but Captain Lyon down in the Arsenal. He honeycombed St. Louis with spies, and by night sent out small squads from his thin band of Regulars to re-enter the city next morning, drums beating, flags flying. He convinced the Secesh sympathizers that he was strong. Secretly at midnight he drilled German volunteers with federal muskets in empty warehouses. He planned, he tricked, he organized with but one thing in mind — to rise some fine morning, cut through all this sophistry and outworn nonsense about State Rights, and make all Missouri kneel to the one rightful power, the Federal Government.

His hour came when Governor Jackson, growing bolder, assembled the State Guard on the outskirts of the city. Conservatives told Lyon the Governor was within his sovereign rights, but Lyon knew that if Jackson's men took the Arsenal, the state would secede, and that Kentucky would follow, and probably southern Illinois and southern Indiana, and the Confederacy would control the Mississippi River.

Soon after the militia camp opened, Lyon's spies came to him saying that a shipment of marble into the city from the South was being carted up from the wharf when a box of it fell to the pavement, broke open, and disclosed muskets. Lyon put on the black silk dress of Frank Blair's mother-in-law, got in her coach, took her market basket on his lap, and with her veil hiding his red beard, was driven through the militia camp, his hand gripping a cocked Colt's revolver under the linen duster. He examined the camp, came home, called his troops, and the next morning he marched out, disarmed the state troops, paroled them — and snapped state sovereignty across his knee.

The conservatives begged Lincoln to remove so rash and lawless an officer. Blair begged Lincoln to keep him. Lincoln's answer was to make the little captain a brigadier-general in full command, and old Sterling Price, wroth over the rape of his state's sovereignty, edged toward Secession.

The conservatives persuaded Lyon to meet Governor Jackson and General Price and work out a compromise at the Planters' House on June 11, but after listening to them debate with Blair for a time, Lyon took over the conversation.

Price's secretary, Captain Thomas L. Snead, watched him with increasing awe.

"I never saw such an exhibition of pluck, honesty, coolness, and statesmanship," said Snead when, in after years, he was a New York lawyer. "Lyon met those old politicians, masters as they were of Missouri politics for years while he was only a captain on the Plains, met them at every point, conceding nothing but never discourteous, never losing his temper, but grave and cold as death."

At length Lyon rose and with voice tolling like a solemn bell, said: "Rather than concede to the state of Missouri for one single instant the right to dictate to my government in any matter however unimportant, I will see you" — and his forefinger touched Jackson's breast — "and you — it touched the bosom of General Price — "and you" — it prodded Blair — "and you" — it poked the thrilled chest of Captain Snead — "and myself" — it pointed to his own heart — "all under the sod. This means war, Governor Jackson." He looked at his watch. "In an hour a carriage will conduct you through my lines. Meantime, I have ordered dinner for you." And he strode out of the hushed room, his big spurs and his little

heels sounding tremendously as he went down the hall and away.

Three days later Lyon had his army in the State Capitol at Jefferson City, and Governor Jackson was in flight, with the reins of state government, such as was left of it, in federal hands. Two days after that, Lyon whipped Price's hastily formed army at Booneville, and Lincoln ruled Missouri. Clear to Springfield in the south of the state went Lyon, striking like lightning, striking with the authority of Uncle Sam. When the rising Confederacy sent Arkansans with Price's refugee Missourians up to attack him, Lyon felt secure and sent to St. Louis for reinforcements. But in his absence from May to August, the conservatives persuaded Lincoln that Lyon was too "rash" to be in sole command. John C. Frémont had been put over him, and Frémont, strangling in red tape and grandiose silver braid, sent Lyon no help. All his officers, save two, begged Lyon to retreat, but Lyon said he couldn't. The Union cause, shamed by the defeat at Bull Run, needed a victory. Missouri might backslide if its conqueror ran away from a battle just now. Besides, the pro-Union population around Springfield would be massacred if he deserted them. So on the night of

August 9 he marched out and camped among the rocks where he could see the sheen of Price's campfires on the clouds.

At dawn he went in, surprised the enemy, and would have won then and there if a smaller column of his, commanded by the German emigré, Franz Sigel, had not failed in its duty of crushing Price's rear. Even with that misfortune, Lyon's 3700 farm boys had 8000 adversaries stopped if not ready to retire by 10 o'clock in the morning. At that hour, the Secesh made what military students later on guessed to be their final charge. Lyon, twice wounded already, called to Iowa and Kansas boys near him to follow in a counter-charge. He waved his hat, a broad, light one, in his left hand, as he spurred his dappled gray horse forward. Colonel R. B. Mitchell of the Second Kansas, who was right beside Lyon, heard him cry, "Give 'em hell, boys; shoot 'em down, boys!" just before his hand clutched his breast and he went down, dead in the broom-corn.

Officers covered his face with his long coat-tails to keep the news from the men, and quietly carried the body to the rear. Soon Price's men fell back and the Union boys shook each other's hands. They had lost 1300, yet the Secesh had

lost more and had backed off. But Major Samuel D. Sturgis, succeeding to the command, ordered a retreat — “a retreat from victory” the farm boys said — and the army eventually marched off, talking so much about the retreat and about the news of Lyon’s death that they forgot to bring his body along with them to Springfield. It was Captain Snead who identified it, and he saw with a pang that Lyon still wore the threadbare captain’s uniform he had had on the day he had touched his foes and friends on the chest and declared war. Snead watched the body till a wagon, under a white flag, took it to Springfield. But next day when, with the advancing Confederates, Snead entered the city, he found Lyon’s body a second time. The Federals departing for St. Louis had been still so busy talking about their

martinet-martyr that they had forgotten it again.

“I buried him,” Snead used to like to tell. “I buried him in the yard of a Union man of Springfield. He was the greatest man I ever saw.”

From this grave, a few weeks later, relatives removed the corpse and took it east across a nation which blackened itself with mourning and relieved itself with howls for the head of Frémont, who had failed to succor brave Lyon. This was the first great battle-death the country had known since the Revolution; it dwarfed the mourning for young Colonel Ellsworth, it set Congress orating and investigating; and with Lyon’s name on its lips the Union army had cleaned the Secesh from Missouri almost before his slim corpse was comfortable among the Connecticut rocks where he had been born.



Cinderella Lost Her Ermines

MANY people wonder why the creator of Cinderella obliged her to wear *glass slippers* to the ball. Glass slippers might be highly ornamental, but certainly not very comfortable for dancing. The truth is that the story came from France, and some early translator or adaptor mistook the Old French word *vair*, meaning “ermine,” for *verre*, meaning “glass.”

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Playwrights in Petticoats

HER latest play, *Watch on the Rhine*, proves two things. It proves again that Lillian Hellman is the best of our American women playwrights and it proves that even the best of our women playwrights falls immeasurably short of the mark of our best masculine. This statement will of course cull a smile from the girls at large, since they will attribute it, as is the custom of the dears, to the male's besetting theory of the general superiority of his sex and to his arbitrary collateral condescension. But though the beauties may be fully correct in some other directions, I am afraid that in this particular one they are wrong. For the facts pretty substantially demonstrate the probity of the obnoxious impeachment.

Why it should be that women, when it comes to the confection of drama, are most often inferior to their boy-friends — or at least to their boy-friends in the same play-writing categories — I don't know and, what is more, shall accordingly not, as is frequently the critical

custom, develop into a scholarly treatise implying that I do. But, as we all recognize too well, they are; and the best I can manage under the circumstances is to venture a few guesses, possibly wrong.

My first guess — and even the preëminent Miss Lillian seems to give it some support — is that a woman dramatist seldom succeeds in mastering an economy of the emotions. Give her an emotion, whether tragic or comic, and she will stretch it not only to its extreme limit, but beyond. It is for this reason, I believe, that the drama of most female playwrights, Miss Lillian among them, often resolves itself willy-nilly into melodrama, and that the comedy of others often edges up closely to farce. I appreciate that there are exceptional cases, but as a general rule I think that the criticism holds.

This generic feminine inability or perhaps disinclination to hold the emotions within bounds has been responsible in Miss Hellman's case for the unwitting excess of melodrama in *The Children's Hour*,

The Little Foxes, and this latest, *Watch on the Rhine*. I say unwitting because I doubt that the author herself would recognize it as melodrama and admit that it is melodrama. She would in all likelihood take to injured task any critic who so dubbed it and would argue that even if it be melodrama it is definitely appropriate and relevant. There is the feminine blind spot. For while it may be appropriate and relevant in the lesser dramaturgy it is more than suspect in the higher drama that is its author's fine aim. Its theatrical value may be unquestioned, but its critical dramatic value allows for many interrogation marks.

And please, in this connection, don't try to confound me by bringing up the names of such dramatists of the past as Strindberg. The difference there is that the over-intensification and elaboration of emotion to the point of melodrama was the result and direct purpose of a deliberate dramaturgical technique. The difference here is that it is unintentional, or at least unavoidable by nature.

My second guess is that it is apparently very difficult for a woman playwright to see her leading characters with a complete objectivity. Why this should be, I also do not know, since certainly women novel-

ists often seem able to negotiate the business. But the record shows that in the instance of our women dramatists the opposite is the rule. A Clare Boothe may be carelessly praised for achieving such objectivity in a play like *The Women*, but shrewder criticism has little trouble in distinguishing between scrupulous objectivity and indiscriminately presenting a lot of female characters as simon-pure bitches. A bucket of black paint may be amusing if splashed all over the stage, but it hardly constitutes sound appraisal of character and amounts in sum merely to a melodramatically inversed sentimentality.

I may be mistaken, but I can at the moment recall no play pretending to quality written by an American woman in the last dozen years whose central characters have not at one point or another suffered critically from the personal sympathy or personal dislike of their author. In howsoever small a way they intermittently become not their authentic selves and betray their creator's personal prejudices. Nor does it matter whether they are male or female.

My third and associated guess is that it appears to be almost impossible for a serious American woman playwright to handle a

theme save she be positively committed that one side of it is absolutely right and the other side absolutely wrong. There can be no middle ground, no flicker of doubt, no dispute of reason and justice. Black must be black, white must be white. And however artfully she may try to conceal her arbitrariness her womanish prejudice remains transparent. That is the way of the ingrained melodramatic emotion. If there is a woman hereabout who has dramatized or could conceivably dramatize some such theme as, say, that of *Strife* as Galsworthy dramatized it, I invite her to supper tonight and, after the sixth bottle of champagne, offer to propose matrimony on the spot. (No sarcastic letters, girls, please.)

II

But enough of guesses and to a general survey.

Returning to Miss Hellman, I hope that my animadversions may not be thought too severe. For, as I have said, she is in this estimation not only far to the forefront of her playwriting sex but considerably in the van of a sufficient number of the uglier gender. If she has the dramatic faults inherent in her sex, she also has virtues much in ad-

vance of those of members of her sex and profession. She has a mentality superior to the majority; she has an incorruptible honesty and honor; and she knows how to write. These qualities along with the dubious ones are again made evident in *Watch on the Rhine*, and in this drama of the grim overtones and undertones of fascism, of the ideals that persist above life itself, she has maneuvered, with all its stark defects, what is at least relatively the best anti-Nazi play we have so far had, whether from a man or a woman, and a play which, overwritten, dispersed, dilatory, and emotionally uncontrolled as it is, is yet nothing to be too quickly dismissed.

Of our other presently active women playwrights, Rose Franken seems to me, albeit on a less important plane, the possessor of one of the likeliest talents. Like the others she is given to some of the deficiencies that have been mentioned, but she indicates an appraisal of character that has rather less compromise in it than most of her sisters', and a resistance to that exaggeration which gives birth to melodrama measurably greater, and a gift for making the apparently casual internally dramatic that is quite unusual.

The general modern tendency

to evaluate drama in proportion to the size of its theme rather than in proportion to the merit with which a theme, big or little, has been treated is responsible for some freakish critical performances. It is thus that a play like Miss Franken's *Claudia*, which is in the main well wrought, is arbitrarily derogated in favor of a play less well wrought but whose theme bulks larger in immediate journalistic importance. It is by this standard that Miss Franken's play about a young girl's difficult adaptation to the marriage state is, however ably it be done, automatically considered a less worthy achievement than an inferior play which concerns itself with some such subject as the refugee problem, the struggle between capital and labor, or the threat of communism in Scappoose, Oregon. It is thus that a poor play like Mr. Rice's *Flight to the West* or an even poorer one like Mr. Lawson's *Marching Song* is stubbornly esteemed, at least in their secret hearts, by many drama critics above some such very much better play as this *Claudia*, or some such other as, say, Saroyan's *My Heart's in the Highlands* and *Love's Old Sweet Song* or Osborn's *Morning's at Seven*. That some of the world's finest plays have had themes relatively insignificant in comparison

with some of the world's worst plays is a philosophy seemingly lost upon the doctrine of present-day critical appraisal.

III

Susan Glaspell, who for some years was looked to as a figure of potential importance among our women playwrights, never realized herself, doubtless for the reason that the drama seemed always to be an alien field to her and she awkward and uncomfortable in it. Her plays remained less plays than plans for plays. The direct articulation essential to drama was absent. She has not been heard of for some time and accordingly does not fall into any critical operation upon the current working girls.

Rachel Crothers, a very prosperous box-office artisan, began her career years ago with serious intention and seemed for a while destined to amount to something. But it was not long before the great god Success found her bowing and scraping before its altar, with the result that there came from her a succession of plays painstakingly calculated to make money and let serious quality go hang. She is a shrewd woman at her job, but no play she has contrived since her early days has been other than

trivial and occasionally amiable pastime. To a somewhat lesser degree than her sisters she is violently prejudiced either for or against her leading characters and she is, further, sometimes a likelier hand in the matter of keeping her comedy within rational bounds. But one may readily allow her comedies to criticize themselves simply by placing them in critical juxtaposition to those of, say, a male writer like Vincent Lawrence. The bold perception of human beings that Lawrence indicates becomes in Miss Crothers mere box-office appeasement.

Lula Vollmer, save for a disastrous reappearance several years ago with *The Hill Between*, has been in retirement. She started out with some promise as a writer of folk drama, but the bacilli of melodrama and emotional prodigality soon infected her as they have many of her playwriting sex and her plays became less and less valid. As for Sophie Treadwell, the bacilli were in evidence from the very beginning. In *Machinal*, one of the most negligently overestimated plays in the modern American theatrical record, they expanded themselves like circus balloons and presently burst all over the stage. It may be that in her newest play, *Hope for a Harvest*, which is to be shown in

New York early next season, things will be different, but the statistics up to now prove her to be just one of the girls.

Zoë Akins, when it comes to emotional economy, takes on the aspect of a two-a.m. barroom choir in the throes of *Sweet Adeline*. And when it comes to prejudicedly falling in love with her leading characters her passion has hardly been exceeded since the days of Charlotte Chisholm Cushing. Even when she leaves off independent enterprise and goes in for the adaptation of foreign plays she apparently can't entirely resist squirting in the perfume and molasses in extra doses. The majority of her exhibits, accordingly, are essentially little more than Milne with a champagne jag and with half a dozen orchids supplanting the forget-me-nots in their lapels. *A Texas Nightingale*, a thoroughly intelligent comedy, is one of the few exceptions.

We come to the leading collaborators: Edna Ferber (with George S. Kaufman), Dorothy Heyward (with her husband, Du Bose), and Bella Spewack (with her husband, Samuel). And here we get into some difficulty, since there is no immediate way of knowing the exact nature and measure of the ladies' contributions to the teamwork. So let's proceed as best we can.

First, Miss Ferber. Her two sole solo plays, *Our Mrs. McChesney* and *The Eldest*, amounted to nothing. It was only when she took on Mr. Kaufman as a helper, in the cases of *Minick*, *The Royal Family*, *Dinner at Eight* and *Stage Door*, that she managed to get anywhere — and of these plays only *The Royal Family* achieved any real critical quality.

Secondly, Mrs. Heyward. Before marriage she wrote a number of plays, the only one to be produced being *Nancy Ann*, which had no merit. Following this independent production, she collaborated with Dorothy De Jagers on something called *Cinderelative*, which was rubbish. Then came the association with Du Bose Heyward and things began to look up. *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters*, both dramatizations of novels by husband Du Bose, gained favor, and

Dorothy could go around with her head up.

Thirdly, Mrs. Spewack. I have no record of any play or plays written by the lady on her own. Her collaborations with her husband, antecedent to the highly amusing farce, *Boy Meets Girl*, were these: *The Solitaire Man*, *Poppa*, *The War Song*, *Clear All Wires* and *Spring Song*. All were inferior stuff, with only *Clear All Wires* showing the faintest glimmer of value and with *Spring Song* so overemotion-alized that the tears of the actors cascaded over the footlights and damn high drowned the audience. Following *Boy Meets Girl* came *Miss Swann Expects*, a complete dud.

* * *

There is the girls' record. I leave the jury to its meditations, mis-givings, and wonder.



LINES TO FREEDOM

BY LINCOLN FITZELL

THE law of free men is not lust
Of service to a central state.
We seek no paradise in dust,
But zest of planetary fate.

For night is old, and nations sag,
Whose people sink to drowsy deeps,
There tyrants grasp the hero's flag,
Or strut awhile as vigil sleeps.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

NOSTALGIA conquers a transplanted Kansan interviewed by the *San Diego News*:

L. A. HUSSONG: "I like to go out in the old garage in the early afternoons and wade in my mud puddle. Two buckets of hot water put it in fine condition. And when I roll my pants up to my knees and step in and feel the mud squash up between my toes it reminds me of days sixty years ago in Kansas, when we used to go wading. I do this two or three times a week. Squash of warm mud between the toes feels fine."

LOVE on the far left — an ad in *The American Guardian*:

YOUNG MAN 29, nice appearance, seeks leftist lady friend. —, East Los Angeles, Calif.

THE WEST is beginning to take credit for everything, according to an editorial in the *Los Angeles Times*:

Justly proud that it is the place where the custom began, Southern California will turn its face toward the East tomorrow morning in Easter sunrise services.

ILLINOIS

STRANGE DOINGS in Chicago cinema

temples are reflected in a *Tribune* personal:

WILL gentleman wearing brown striped suit with dark wavy hair, who sat next to me in theatre on West Madison St., Aisle 5, about 15th row, seat 3, on Sunday, April 28, after 3 o'clock, and commented about "Thomas Edison" picture, starring Mickey Rooney, call J. — at Wabash —. URGENT.

MODERATION leads to a happy old age, according to the *Chicago Tribune's* How to Keep Well column:

G. K. writes: Does the ear-splitting belcher who attempts to awaken the dead with his loud "reports" have as good a chance to live to a ripe old age as the quiet burper?

REPLY:

By no means. So great a waste of energy is likely to lead to premature senility. Furthermore, the individual is subject to assassination on the part of some distracted, long suffering victim of his stentorian vocalizations.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE Massachusetts Legislature adjusts the law to meet war conditions:

In the event that "blackouts" are ever enforced in this State, dog racing would be permitted afternoons under a bill which has been reported favorably by the Committee on Legal Affairs.

MONTANA

APPEAL to keep bright the torch of learning, from the *Kaimin*, University of Montana student organ:

LOST — In Men's gym Monday, large blue notebook, containing entire college knowledge. Return to Kaimin office; no questions asked.

NEW YORK

As the world fashion center shifts to New York, our *artistes* go at the thing scientifically. Writes the *Times*:

The relation of the elements of fire, earth, air and water to color analysis in clothes was the topic yesterday at a spring fashion show held by Oppenheim Collins.

Sara Garrard, astrologer, as commentator, said that the chemical elements of the body . . . were acted upon by magnetic forces. On the basis of one's "elemental content," she added, basic and complementary colors are advised either to subdue or stimulate personality characteristics of the individual.

Models born in various months demonstrated that outer harmony could help develop inner harmony. The basic colors of the "fire" group were brilliant reds and blues, combined with gold, chartreuse or green. A red-haired model under Leo (July 23 to Aug. 23) wore a fiery red crepe dirndl street dress, girdled with green grosgrain. . . . "Earth," whose browns, blacks, garnet reds and soft blues rule over those born April 20-May 20,

Aug. 23-Sept. 23 and Dec. 22-Jan. 20, was decoratively illustrated by a model in a brown faille silk suit with pep-lumed jacket worn with emerald green accessories.

The "air" elementals, who are interested in mental activity, wore mostly purples with aqua or turquoise as companion colors. . . . The "water" girls, who are reportedly emotional, tend toward blues and greens in nebulous shades.

TEXAS

NEW FRONTIERS in high-pressure advertising — a Jim Crow real-estate notice culled from the *Dallas News*:

LARGE river-front garden tracts, all the fried catfish, yellow-legged chickens, pork-chops, sweet potatoes and watermelons you can catch, raise, cook and eat. Close to courthouse.

WISCONSIN

PROGRESS of culture, as reported by the *Ladysmith News*:

Eating and dunking with a reckless abandon which broke down all competition, Lawrence Zimmer, of nearby Troy, won the national doughnut dunking contest at the Knights of Pythias Hall and was crowned king in a colorful ceremony. In the finals a sack of 24 sinkers was placed in front of each contestant and they were permitted all the coffee and water desired. . . . Within half a minute of the time limit Zimmer had eaten the two dozen sinkers and was starting on a new supply. Others trailed along with 16 to 18 to their credit.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Ingenious Spider

IT is an evident fact of the outdoors, although writers in the tradition of the Victorian nature moralists are still accustomed to avert their eyes from it, that a major occupation of all creatures of earth is the killing of other kinds of creatures. It is to this end that myriads of evolutionary specialisms have developed: the curved erectile fangs of vipers, the silent soft-feathered wings on which the great horned owls glide through the darkness to snap the spines of rabbits, the cushiony paws on which lynxes lope across the snow. The quietest woodland, the serene meadow drowsing under the sun, is hourly the site of uncountable scenes of carnage. To have life is to have hunger; to sustain life is to require the sacrifice of other lives. In the natural world there is always the smell of newly-spilled blood on the wind, the scarlet blood of mammals, the viscous blood of plants and roots, the yellow blood of butterflies.

The ways of killing among animals are very many. There is death

from the air, death by stalking and a final pounce, death by ambush, by swift pursuit, by cunning and agility of a thousand kinds. And there is death, most curiously, by trapping. This is the art preëminently of the arachnids, the eight-legged scuttling little predators that we call spiders. In early summer now the spiders are abroad in every hedgerow, every grass patch, busy with the work of their singular death-engineerings.

Spiders are not insects. They move on four pairs of legs — instead of on three as insects do; their bodies are divided into two sections instead of three; they grow no wings. The diet of many insects is vegetation and the sap of vegetation; but the hunger of spiders is for fresh-killed flesh. Certain of the hugest spiders, like the hairy, heavy-bodied tarantulas of Central and South America, are strong enough to capture and kill birds and make a diet of warm blood. There are other species, only slightly smaller, that can enmesh mice in their snares and kill them

instantly with a bite at the base of the brain. In our own region, spiders' food is the unwarmed pulpy flesh of insects: the abdomens of grasshoppers and crickets, the fleshy body-parts of butterflies, moths and beetles.

Spiders of all kinds, great and small, have similar endowments for their life of preying. In front of and over their mouths are pairs of jaws, each jaw bearing a thin curved fang which is attached, like a venomous snake's, by a movable joint so that it may lie flat in its furrow or be instantly extended. Near the tip of the fang is an opening, connected by a fine canal with a poison gland. Beneath the mouths of spiders are their endites: powerful jaw-like organs with which to crush the chitinous bodies of their insect prey. The spiders' heavy jaws work sidewise, not up and down, and as they spread apart laterally, the lancet-sharp poisonous fangs simultaneously come erect.

For procuring prey with which to feed this formidably-equipped maw, the spiders are endowed with that gift for intricate snare-building which makes them uniquely the trappers of the animal world. At the tip of a spider's abdomen are small finger-like organs, generally six in number, arranged in three pairs. These are the spider's

spinnerets. They are joined, by a network of ducts, with silk-glands inside the spider's body. At the tip of each spinneret is a soft area, the spinning-field, on which the ducts open; the terminus of each duct is a tiny erect spinning-tube. There are sometimes, in a single spider's body, as many as five glands for the production of five different kinds of silk — silks tough and inelastic, silks rubbery-soft and capable of tremendous stretching, silks for each various part of the spider's complicated web-building. Within the spider's storage sacs the silk lies liquid. As a liquid it passes along the internal conducting canals to the tips of the spinnerets. Only upon contact with the outer air does it harden into a fine-spun filament.

Most spiders spin a fine silken thread continuously as they creep on hairy feet about their errands. They leave a dragline, periodically fastened by tiny silken attachment disks to leaves and pebbles and blades of grass, which serves two purposes. It acts as a guide in ground-traveling, making it possible for the spider to scuttle quickly and accurately back to its lair; and it provides a means whereby the spider, when threatened with danger in a treetop or other high place, can save itself by

instantly plummeting into space and swinging suspended in mid-air, by its silken cord, until the danger has ceased to threaten. The drag-lines of the spiders are curious and ingenious; they are only a less singular achievement than the death-trap web itself which is the central preoccupation of the spider's life.

II

The way of a common orb-web spider, when it sets about the manufacture of its snare, is first to spin between one support and another — such as perhaps two weed stalks, or two tall stems of grass — straight crosslines of silk to form a square. Across one corner of the square is then stretched a diagonal, and a similar diagonal across another corner; then these diagonals are joined by a third, straight thread. By repetitions of this process, in each corner, the frame is progressively reduced to the size of the web which the spider purposes to construct.

Now come the web's radii. In fashioning these, the spider first stretches a straight thread across the web's diameter. Returning, then, to the center of this thread, it anchors a new one and proceeds once more toward the periphery of

the orb. With each trip from the web's center to its circumference there is fastened in place a new radius, a new wheel-spoke; and likewise, on each trip to the center, the spider adds a silk reinforcement to the hub. When, finally, the radii are all in place (twenty-one of them, ordinarily), there begins the spinning of the cross-supports to give the radii strength. The spider starts, now, from the hub, and moves around it in an ever-widening circle. At each radius the silk strand now being secreted is fastened and drawn tight. When at last the spider's spiraling progress has brought it to the web's periphery, the radii are all joined by concentric circles of silk supports.

The web now has a finished look, to a human eye, but it is not done. The spider has been secreting, up to this point, a hard, inelastic variety of thread. It begins now to secrete, instead, a very sticky and much less brittle silk. It starts once more around the web, beginning at the outer edge this time instead of at the hub; and as it travels, it methodically breaks, one by one, the first temporary set of brittle guy-spirals and replaces them with permanent strands of the new adhesive thread. The spider works slowly and carefully now, measuring the spacings with great preci-

sion by using one of its hind legs. Finally, when it has brought its meticulous work perhaps two-thirds of the way from the web's periphery toward its center, it ceases spinning and leaves a "free zone" free of sticky crosslines. Into the free zone it now creeps and hangs head-downward, motionless. Its web is finished. The spider is ready to settle down to waiting patiently, with all eight eyes alert, for the blundering of the first victim into this death-snare, more intricate than any that man has ever made.

Not all spiderwebs are like the orb-weavers' in construction, though such are among the commonest, and are certainly the most often noticed, because of their conspicuousness. The grass spiders, common in every pasture, spin curving sheets of silk, formed in the shape of funnels. Above the main sheet of the web they place cross-threads, so fine as to be invisible, in which the passing cricket or moth or butterfly will become so hopelessly snarled that it must fall helpless into the funnel and lie there until the spider's poison fangs are plunged into its flesh. The dome spiders hide within shimmering domes of silk; the triangle spiders, watchful beside their webs, hold the thread-ends curled

between their legs and keep the web pulled taut, until, when a victim falls into the structure, they abruptly slacken the line and shake the whole web furiously, so that the victim may be the more thoroughly entangled. There is an endless variety in the traps the spiders build and operate.

The same silk-spinning skill employed by spiders in their trap-making and in the construction of their draglines is used also for other purposes — for the swathing of their eggs, for instance, and for the making of cunning leaf-roofed shelters wherein they can crouch hidden while they watch their webs. It is employed, not least importantly, for extending their predatory travels. When a spider has found the trapping poor in one region, it seeks out a new site for operations. It climbs a tree. With elevated abdomen it sends forth a filament of thread into the air, spinning the thread out longer and longer until the strand is caught by the breeze and whipped upward. The spider then looses its hold on twig or leaf, and, attached to its wind-carried thread goes ballooning across country, until the breeze deposits it in some new wood or meadow, there to spin a new ingenious web and wait patiently again for blood.

THE LIBRARY

The Double Men of Criticism

BY MARY M. COLUM

SOME of our guides to the higher intellectual and literary life seem to be going off at the deep end in a fashion that to the concerned beholder brings a new shudder and a new ennui. Opening the latest book of Archibald MacLeish, a work of selected prose entitled *A Time to Speak*,¹ we struggle with the second paragraph of the first page (we use the royal "we" for the same reason that Marshal Pétain uses it — the first person singular seems too egoistic). Archibald MacLeish is writing a challenge to those who say that poetry is dead.

Let them bury it, then. Let them bury the big bones of Yeats and the Hamlet-grinning skull of Eliot and the man-smelling shirt of Carl Sandburg and the splintered china and bright glass of Wallace Stevens and the quiet-cricket-talking of Frost in the dead leaves and the mole-rummaging under the lot of Ezra Pound.

Now we don't know a thing that could be done with bones, skulls,

smelly shirts, splintered china except to bury them, unless we burn them; we couldn't very well let them stay around. Archibald MacLeish's *saeva indignatio*, which in his *Frescoes for Rockefeller Center* is so shapely in his beautiful accomplished verse, becomes in his uncontrolled prose so dissolute that it no longer makes any communication.

The loud-mouthed, disrespectful, horse-laughing challenge to those who tell us poetry is "pure." Those who tell us poetry is "poetry." Those who tell us poetry is a parlor game and has no truck with the living of live men or the misery of hungry men or the politics of ambitious men or the indignation of believing men.

Well, Archibald MacLeish seems to know some queer people, and they get queerer as we go on. He tells us of people who conceive of a poem as "an embellished bit of prose," and there are people who wonder whether poetry is an art or more than an art or less than an art, "being no more than a sort of

¹ *A Time To Speak*, by Archibald MacLeish. \$2.75. Houghton Mifflin.

conventionalized prose." All this makes us concerned for the kind of company Mr. MacLeish must be keeping down there in Washington; trying to answer their Gracie Allen questions as he does in this book is all like going over the matter as to whether an apple will fall down or go up if you shake the tree: all the answers have been set down a long time ago and there is no sense in wasting Archibald MacLeish's time on them. "Poetry is not decorated prose," he tells us (Who ever thought it was?) "but is stripped and vivid speech." But criticism published in a book should also be stripped and vivid speech or it is pointless.

About his own art, however, he has striking things to say, as when he tells us that poetry cannot continue in its present state, "an art which lives by the production of little books to lie on little tables." Of course poetry has to be spoken or recited or chanted to be real: the vehicle for it is the human voice. It was only after he had heard his own words in his verse-plays spoken from the stage of the Abbey Theatre that Yeats developed the style of his latest and greatest poetry. "To flourish," Archibald MacLeish says, "an art must touch the general mind of its time." True, it must touch the general mind even

though it is caviar to the general.

In *The Irresponsibles*, included in this collection, MacLeish ponders on what posterity will ask of the intellectuals, the scholars and writers of this generation, why they did not fight the enemies of the intellect with the weapons of the intellect, why, in short, have they been so helpless and ineffective. It is hard to answer this. But maybe it is that mental complacency and mental cowardice were never so rampant at any period and that a mind-dissolving empiricism, an opportunism, has undermined not only the intellectuals but peoples and governments, has made them hollow. MacLeish has a chapter on the Spanish War written in 1937 about "those who fight our battles," which, while it is certainly not his intention, shows more than any satire could, the ineptitude of our intellectuals: like Pirandello's Characters in search of an Author, they appear as Characters in search of a Cause. Can we ever forget those dreary auctions of dreary manuscripts by means of which the intellectuals fought for democracy in Spain?

Leaving Archibald MacLeish, we turn to Van Wyck Brooks, who also was mixed up in numerous things like the Spanish War, auctions, meetings of Writers' Leagues

and that whole parade that distracted peoples' minds from what was really happening in Europe. Mr. Brooks has his say about literature in a little pamphlet, *On Literature Today*.² He differs from MacLeish in two essentials: first, he knows how to write prose — restrained, polished prose, a medium well mastered. But in comparison with MacLeish he knows very little about literature as an art, and no gloss that he can give his prose can conceal that fact.

Van Wyck Brooks' admirers are doing him a grave disservice in cajoling him to express his opinions on literature or go into purely literary criticism. He has never been a literary critic: in his biographies, fine as they are on other sides, he has always had a difficulty with the literary work of his subjects. His own line, a line in which he has no equal, is what some people term social criticism; it might, perhaps, be described as the writing of the history of a person or of a people from the literature they have produced, an interpretation rendered always in social or moral terms. But when he gets on to the art of literature, to poetry, to prose produced by individual writers, he stumbles around like a blind

man in a desert in search of a peg on which to hang his hat. In writing of contemporary literature he fishes up a few things out of his subliminal consciousness that have little to do with the literature he is examining. He demands, "What did Joyce's *Ulysses* say except that life was a bad joke?" Well, that was the last thing that Joyce would make of life in or out of literature. As John Peale Bishop has said of him, Joyce is a great comic poet of the breed of Aristophanes; *Ulysses* is the greatest piece of humorous literature of our time, full of laughter and comedy as well as tragedy and compassion. Life for Joyce was a lonely adventure, as it is likely to be for artists, but it never ceased to be a great adventure even in the face of immense personal tragedy.

Mr. Brooks' lack of comprehension of the contemporary world and contemporary writing leads him into other blind alleys. He says that today critics ask of a writer, not whether he contributes to life, but whether he excels in some new trick. "It is their formal originality that has given prestige to writers like Joyce, Eliot and Gertrude Stein." About the first two, anyway, he is wrong: Joyce and Eliot had to convey a new experience to the world, to reveal a fresh strata of human nature — Joyce more

² *On Literature Today*, by Van Wyck Brooks. \$1.00. Dutton.

than Eliot — and so had to discover the form which best represented the conquest of their material. If Mr. Brooks cares to call this “formal originality” it is all right, but to call it a trick is all wrong.

Again, when he accuses Eliot of exalting the minor poets over the major ones and of preferring to Milton a dozen obscure metaphysical poets, he is beside the mark. Eliot, like many moderns, writers and non-writers, has made it clear that he prefers Dante to Milton or even to Shakespeare because Dante has more to say to our time, and also because he prefers the civilization Dante came out of to the one Milton came out of. After all, it is a familiar phenomenon in literary history for a great writer to have more to say to one age than to another: Shakespeare and Dante had but little to say to the eighteenth century. As to the interest in the metaphysical poets shown by many moderns, Eliot and other writers have made it clear that being faced with the problem of assimilating and expressing in their art many disparate kinds of experience, they looked back on the poets of the past who had solved a like problem. As Eliot has said, “The metaphysicals [and one may add, Dante] possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour

any kind of experience.” Consequently they had something to teach him.

Does Mr. Brooks praise any modern writer? Yes, Robert Frost and Lewis Mumford: they have the attitude to life that he commends. If we seek to find out whose writings other than Mr. Mumford’s and Mr. Frost’s he commends, we discover at least one from a publisher’s advertisement: it is *Do These Bones Live*, by Edward Dahlberg.³

This writer, he tells us, has produced “a profoundly moving personal vision of American life and literature full of startling insights, with passages of superb prose.” Mr. Mumford also has a say about this work: “Dahlberg reaches depths of perceptions that very few writers in America can claim.” And Waldo Frank: “Dahlberg has achieved a real literature with his vision.”

As for myself, I am under the disadvantage with regard to *Do These Bones Live* that I cannot make out what it is about or whose bones are in question. There are a lot of people talked about — Whitman, Melville, Shakespeare, Spengler, Christ, Hitler, Poe, and a couple of score of others. About Whitman he reveals:

³ *Do These Bones Live*, by Edward Dahlberg. \$3.00 Harcourt Brace.

He was the innocent, sweet, aromatic, arm-pitted man before the great pollution, the fall, and Edgar Poe was the brand-new Adamic evil, the original Diabolism in a garden.

About Edgar Poe he has mouthfuls to say: "A rathskeller Vulcan, Edgar Poe hammers out upon the smithy of his moaning soul little gothic petroushkas, mechanical horror dolls, Ligeia, Una, Monos." Of Hawthorne: "his most evil pages distil an Edenic miasma instead of rank protoplasm." And here is something about bones in a comment on Georgia O'Keefe's pictures: "Here is a bleached valley of death-shells, rams' skulls, lilies, the whited bones of roses." So obsessed with words is Edward Dahlberg that he doesn't find it necessary to put any argument behind them. After a few lines of tribute to Cologne and Chartres he is moved to inform us "that this immense stone shadow-show is a desperate garbling of first principles." What first principles we don't know. On page 111, he has a dainty bit of meditation on what would have happened "had Christ married that illuminated prostitute, Magdalene." But at this point we are driven to borrow from the Canterbury Tales the line in which mine host stopped the tale of Sir Thopas — "No more of this, for Goddes' dignitee."

II

It may be that after the foregoing any book would seem a miracle of sane thinking, but the fact is that Allen Tate's *Reason in Madness*⁴ would seem so in any circumstances. It is one of the most accomplished volumes of criticism that has appeared in many a day, backed by hard thinking and sound scholarship. The opening essay, called "The Present Function of Criticism," puts forward what will seem to many startling ideas. In effect, Allen Tate believes that in a few years or a few months we shall be living in a totalitarian society, that the tradition of free ideas has been suffering a slow extinction for a generation, and that it may receive the *coup de grace* from the present war, that the suppression of the critical spirit in this country will have even more sinister features than under the Nazi censorship, for "we have a tradition of irresponsible interpretation of patriotic necessity."

Now, the expression of such ideas demands a cool intellectual courage of the kind modern democracy has most need of. Like Mr. MacLeish, Allen Tate ponders on what the future will think of the men who wrote the books and formed the

⁴ *Reason in Madness*, by Allen Tate. \$2.50. Putnam.

minds of this age. We have, he concludes, come under the influence of the sociologists, the positivists, the pragmatists who have taught us that the greatest thing about man was not his intelligence but his adjustment to society. The old heroic idea of conquest of environment has disappeared, and "adaptation" and "adjustment" are the catchwords in education in our time. It may be indeed, as Allen Tate believes, that the bulk of us are being nicely conditioned to becoming members of a slave state. What should criticism have done?

The function of criticism should have been in our time, as in all times, to maintain and demonstrate the special, unique, and complete knowledge which the great forms of literature afford us.

I am not sure that I understand this. Allen Tate writes as if we were still in one of the powerful ages of literature when it did indeed reveal to readers the experiences of the age they lived in. But how few modern writers have expressed and interpreted our particular experience? I should say that the business of criticism, or one of its businesses, is to explain to the public that the books they read in our time very seldom belong to the art of literature and that no especial knowledge of man's experience

could be expected of them except in a very diluted way. Undoubtedly Allen Tate's is a fine, virile, free mind; but it is a little chilly; and the literature he prefers is likely to be on the over-intellectual side — the poetry with too much imagery, as under-emotionalized poetry is likely to have, the criticism that stays too long inside the realm of philosophical speculation, the thinking that is apt to become intellectual gymnastics. If the literary critic is to have an effect on his time he must be clear and plain about his matter. The way to write clearly is not, as the old saw has it, to think clearly, but to think clearly and feel strongly. It is thin emotion that leaves expression unclear.

The last of this group, books all dealing in one way or another with the bewilderments of today and with approaches to a new order, is a new volume of poems by W. H. Auden, *The Double Man*.⁵ Auden is a remarkable figure in our day: a typical exile in a century of exiles, he has prepared himself, has disciplined himself, to meet the issues as few of his contemporaries have. This whole epoch of useless wars and futile revolutions and hunted peoples has bewildered his mind as

⁵ *The Double Man*, by W. H. Auden. \$2.00. Random House.

it has those of nearly everybody else, but he has brought himself to a point where he knows what to do. —

To set in order — that's the task
Both Eros and Apollo ask;
For Art and Life agree in this
That each intends a synthesis,
That order must be the end
That all self-loving things intend
Who struggle for their liberty,
Who use, that is, their will to be.

Yeats, it might be said, revealed more of the experiences of our time in three or four stanzas of the chorus of his play, *The Resurrection*; but Yeats had reached his prime and Auden is in process of development, and it is because he shows the process that he is so exciting. If Eliot has learned from the Metaphysicals, Auden has learned how to order his experience from Jonathan Swift. In *The Double Man* he has taken on that verse, the octasyllabic, into which Swift packed so much, and in which he wrote that marvellous poem:

Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The World stood trembling at Jove's throne. . . .

An amazed, confused world whose fate is unknown — that is the matter of Auden's poem, of his notes, and of the odd sonnets that conclude the volume. The long poem, in a metre that permits both vigor and tense statement, is the testa-

ment of a man who has felt, who has endured, who has thought, and has brought himself to a place where there is some solution for the complicated enigma.



BEGIN HERE: *A Statement of Faith*, by Dorothy L. Sayers. \$2.00. *Harcourt Brace*. The author, detective-story writer and dramatist, has a fine power of exposition. She shows what has happened in West European-Mediterranean society and what needs to be done to prevent the self-destruction of that society; specifically what is to be done in the England of today. Naturally she does not furnish any finished plan, but she gives a clear-sighted and understanding program — in fact, one of the few that have come out of the crisis in our civilization.

FRANCE SPEAKING, by Robert de Saint Jean. \$2.50. *Dutton*. By far the most able and knowledgeable book yet written explaining the fall of France and the success of Germany. My conviction is that this account of the debacle by a thoroughly trained journalistic mind is the clearest we are likely to get in our time.

BIRD ISLANDS DOWN EAST, by Helen Gere Cruickshank. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. An account of experiences and observations among the puffins, petrels, cormorants and other birds that breed on the islands off Maine. This simple unpretentious narrative, by virtue of its earnest good-hearted enthusiasm and the great interest of its matter, remains excellent reading for the ornithologically-minded. — A. D.

BOOK SUPPLEMENT

HAPPY DAYS

1880 · 1892

Selections from the book by

H. L. MENCKEN

HERE is the record, not only of the man whose name is signed to it but also of a whole era, now fast fading into the shadows of forgotten history. Mr. Mencken recalls the past with that fine flavor which makes it really live again. The stories in mood and substance are sheer entertainment — entertainment couched in the idiom of one of America's great writers of prose.

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Preface

THESE casual and somewhat chaotic memoirs of days long past are not offered to the nobility and gentry as coldly objective history. They are, on the contrary, excessively subjective, and the record of an event is no doubt often bedizened and adulterated by my response to it. I have made a reasonably honest effort to stick to the cardinal facts, however disgraceful to either the quick or the dead, but no one is better aware than I am of the fallibility of human recollection. Fortunately, I have been able to resort, at many points, to contemporary inscriptions, for my people have lived in one house in Baltimore since 1883, and when I returned to it in 1936, after five years of absence, and began to explore it systematically, I found its cupboards and odd corners full of family memorabilia. . . .

I have mined this file diligently, and found a number of surprises in it. As Huck Finn said of *Tom Sawyer*, there are no doubt some stretchers in this book, but mainly it is fact. It has, so far as I can make out, no psychological, sociological or politico-economic significance. My early life was placid, secure, uneventful and happy. I was a larva of the comfortable and complacent bourgeoisie, though I was quite unaware of the fact until I was along in my teens, and had begun to read indignant books. To belong to that great order of mankind is vaguely discreditable today, but I still maintain my dues-paying membership in it, and continue to believe that it was and is authentically human, and therefore worthy of the attention of philosophers, at least to the extent that the Mayans, Hittites, Kallikaks and so on are worthy of it.

How, on one of its levels, it lived and had its being in a great American city in the Penultimate Decade of the last century is my theme, in so far as there is any theme here at all.

H. L. M.

I. The Training of a Gangster

THE BALTIMORE of the eighties had lately got over an evil (but proud) name for what the insurance policies call civil commotion. Down to the Civil War and even beyond its gangs were of such enterprise and ferocity that many connoisseurs ranked them as the professional equals, if not actually the superiors, of the gangs of New York, Marseilles and Port Said. It was nothing for them to kidnap a police sergeant, scuttle a tugboat in the harbor, or set fire to a church, an orphan asylum or a brewery. Once a mob made up of the massed gangs of the town broke into the jail and undertook to butcher a party of military gentlemen who had sought refuge there after a vain effort to save an unpopular newspaper from pillage. One of these gentlemen, a doddering veteran of the Revolution named General James M. Lingan, was done to death with great barbarity, and another, General Light Horse Harry Lee, father of the immortal Robert E. Lee, was so badly used that he was never the same again.

At the opening of the Civil War, as every schoolboy knows, another

Baltimore mob attacked a Massachusetts regiment passing through the city on its way to save democracy at Bull Run, and gave it such a lacing that what it got in that battle three months later seemed almost voluptuous by comparison. This was in April, 1861. Before the end of the year the town proletariat had switched from the Confederate theology to the Federal, and devoted itself to tarring and feathering Southern sympathizers, and wrecking their houses. The war over, it continued its idealistic exercises until the seventies, and at the time I was born Baltimore was still often called Mob Town, though by then the honorific had begun to be only retrospective.

Thus it was necessary for every self-respecting boy of my generation to belong to a gang. No one, in fact, ever asked him if he wanted to join or not join; he was simply taken in when he came to the right ripeness, which was normally between the ages of eight and nine. There was, of course, some difference between the gangs of the proletariat and those of the more tender bourgeoisie. The former

tried to preserve, at least to some extent, the grand tradition. They had quarters in empty houses or stable lofts, smoked clay pipes, rushed the can, carried lethal weapons, and devoted themselves largely to stoning cops and breaking into and looting the freight cars of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The latter were a great deal milder and more elegant. They carried only clubs, and then only in times of danger; they never got any further along the road to debauchery than reading dime-novels and smoking cigarettes; and the only thing they ever stole (save, of course, ash-barrels and garbage-boxes on election night) was an occasional half-peck of apples, potatoes or turnips. These victuals were snatched on the run from the baskets that corner-grocers then set outside their stores, along with bundles of brooms, stacks of wooden kitchen-pails, and hog carcasses hanging from hooks.

I attained, by the age of eight, to a considerable proficiency in this larceny, and so did my brother Charlie. Our victim was usually Mr. Thiernau, a stout, bustling, sideburned man who operated a grocery-and-meat store at Gilmor and Baltimore Streets, less than a block from our back gate. He wore invariably what was then the uniform of his calling — a long white

apron stained with blood, a Cardigan jacket, and large cuffs made of some sort of straw. Around the little finger of his left hand ran a signet ring, and behind his right ear he carried his pencil. So far as I can remember, he never made any attempt to pursue the boys who looted him; in truth, I suspect that his baskets were set out as a kind of accommodation to them, with the aim of gaining their favor. Not infrequently they were delegated to buy supplies for their mothers, and on such occasions they always chose Mr. Thiernau's store, not that of the Knoops across the street. The Knoops accumulated among them a considerable estate, but they never exposed anything that was edible on the sidewalk, and so the boys of the neighborhood were against them. Even Mr. Thiernau, I believe, kept his best vegetables to be sold inside his store, not stolen in front of it.

One day, after my brother Charlie and I had made a fine haul of sweet potatoes, my father came home unexpectedly and caught us roasting them on a fire in the backyard. He demanded to know where we had got them from, and our guilty looks betrayed us. He thereupon made a great uproar, declaring that he would drown us, ship us to the Indian country or even hand

over to the child-stealers rather than see us grow up criminals. I put the blame on Charlie, for he had actually made the snatch while I missed the job and watched, and my father ordered him to return the potatoes to Mr. Thiernau at once, half burned as they were. Charlie set off boo-hooing, threw the potatoes into a garbage-box in the alley, and came home prepared to report that Mr. Thiernau had taken them back with polite thanks. But he delayed on the way to catch the Thiernau colored driver loaded a cargo of dead hogs, and by the time he returned my father had apparently forgotten the matter, for we heard no more from him about it. We discovered the next day, however, that the hired girl had orders to supply us with potatoes whenever the roasting fever was on us, and for a week or so we patronized her. But her stock never seemed to have the right flavor, though it came from the same Thiernau's, and we eventually resumed our larcenies. They were terminated a year or so later by Mr. Thiernau's sudden death, which was a great shock to us, and naturally turned us to moral considerations and made us uneasily Hell-minded.

The Hollins Street gang functioned as a unit only on occasions

of public ceremonial — for instance, at election time. It began lifting boxes and barrels for the election night bonfire two or three weeks before the great day, usually under command of a large, roomy boy named Barrel Fairbanks, and they were commonly stored in the stable behind his house. If we managed to collar a paint barrel it was a feat that cheered us, for paint barrels burned with a fierce flame and made a great deal of smoke. The grocerymen and feed dealers of the neighborhood, knowing that we were on the prowl, tried to save their good boxes and barrels by setting out their decrepit ones, and we always accepted the suggested arrangement. It was only when there was a real famine in fuel that we resorted to taking back gates off their hinges, and even then we confined ourselves to gates that were ready to fall off of their own motion.

The frontiers of the various gangs in West Baltimore were known to all the boys denized there, and it was not common for a boy to leave his own territory. But fights between adjoining gangs were relatively rare, for the cops kept watch along the borders, and all hands avoided them diligently. Any boy in flight from a cop was sure of sanctuary anywhere. In fact, a favorite way of making a necessary

journey through hostile lines was to do it at a run, yelling "Cheese it! The cops!" Boys respected this outcry even when they knew it was fraudulent.

There was in West Baltimore a neutral territory that all gangs save the ruffians from the region of the B. & O. shops respected — and they seldom invaded it, for they had better hunting-grounds nearer their base. It was a series of open lots beginning at Fulton Avenue and Baltimore Street, three blocks from Union Square, and running westward until it was lost in a wilderness of lime-kilns, slaughter-houses and cemeteries. The lower end, at Fulton Avenue, was much frequented by the colored men who made their livings beating carpets. They would erect poles, string them with washlines, hang the carpets, and then flog them by the hour, raising great clouds of dust. A little further to the westward other colored men pursued the art and mystery of the sod-cutter.

We Hollins Street boys spent many a pleasant afternoon roving and exploring this territory, which had the name of Stuart's Hill. We liked to watch the operation of the lime-kilns, all of them burning oyster shells, and the work of the carpet-beaters and sod-cutters. But best of all we liked to visit the

slaughter-houses. There was a whole row of them, and their revolting slops drained down into a deep gully that we called the Canyon. This Canyon was the Wild West of West Baltimore, and the center of all its romance. Whenever a boy came to the age when it became incumbent on him to defy God, the laws of the land and his father by smoking his first cigarette, he went out there for the operation. It was commonly a considerable ceremony with a ring of older boys observing and advising. If the neophyte got sick he was laid out on one of the lower shelves of the Canyon until he recovered. If he began crying for his mother he was pelted with nigger-lice and clods of lime.

The Canyon was also a favorite resort of boys who read dime novels. This practice was regarded with horror by the best moral opinion of the time, and a boy who indulged it openly was given up as lost beyond hope. The best thing expected of him was that he would run away from home and go west to fight the Indians; the worst was that he would end on the gallows. In the more elderly years of my infancy I tried a few dime novels, trembling like a virgin boarding an airship for Hollywood, but I found them so dull that I could scarcely get through them. There were

other boys, however, who appeared to be able to bear them, and even to like them, and these addicts often took them out to the Canyon to read in peace. I have seen a dozen boys stretched on the grass within a circumference of fifty feet, all of them smoking cigarettes and reading dime novels. It was a scene of inspiring debauchery, even to the most craven spectator.

One afternoon, having been left behind when the Hollins Street gang made a trip to the Canyon, I set out alone to overtake it. Just west of Fulton Avenue, which is to say, in full sight of householders and passers-by along Baltimore Street, I was held up with perfect technic by three boys of a strange gang. One of them aimed a cap pistol at my head and ordered me to stick up my hands, and the other two proceeded to frisk me. They found a pocket-knife, a couple of sea-shells, three or four nails, two cigarette pictures, a dozen chewing-tobacco tags, a cork, a slate pencil, an almost fossil handkerchief, and three cents in cash. I remember as clearly as if it were yesterday their debate over the three cents. They were sorely tempted, for it appeared that they were flat broke, and needed money badly. But in the end they decided primly that taking it would be stealing. The

other things they took without qualm, for that was only hooking.

When they turned me loose at last I ran all the way to the Canyon, and sounded the alarm. The gentlemen of the Hollins Street gang were pleasantly engaged in throwing stones into a pool of hog blood that had formed beneath the scuppers of one of the slaughter-houses, but when they heard my story they started for the scene of the outrage at once, scooping up rocks on the way. They got there, of course, too late to capture the bandits, but they patrolled the vicinity for the rest of the afternoon, and revisited it every day for a couple of weeks, hoping to make a collar, and get me back my handkerchief, nails, slate pencil, and chewing-tobacco tags. I may say at once that they were never recovered, nor did I ever see the robbers again. They must have come from some remote part of West Baltimore. Or perhaps they were prisoners escaped from the House of Refuge.

This bastille was a mile westward, on the banks of Gwynn's Falls. It was a harsh granite building surrounded by sepulchral trees, and all the boys of West Baltimore feared it mightily. Its population consisted of boys who had become so ornery that their own fathers resigned them to the cops. The gen-

eral belief was that a rascal who once entered its gates was as good as lost to the world. If he ever got out at all, which was supposed to be very unusual, the cops were waiting to grab him again, and thereafter he made quick progress to the scaffold. No member of the Hollins Street gang ever entered its door. We had our faults, as I freely admit, but the immemorial timorousness of the bourgeoisie restrained us from downright felony. Two of the boys I chased cats with in 1888 drank themselves to death in their later years, two others went into politics, one became a champion bicycle racer, three became millionaires, and one actually died an English baronet, but none, to my knowledge, ever got to the death-house, or even to the stonepile.

In those days the nicknames of boys ran according to an almost invariable pattern, though all boys, of course, did not have them. The example of Barrel Fairbanks I have mentioned: he was too fat to be called simply Fats and not quite fat enough to be worthy the satirical designation of Skinny, so he took the middle label of Barrel. Any boy who happened to be lame was called Hop, anyone who had lost an eye was One-eye, and anyone who wore glasses (which was then very unusual) was Four-eyes.

If a boy had a head of uncommon shape he was always called Eggy. The victims of such cruel nicknames never, so far as I can recall, objected to them; on the contrary, they appeared to be proud of their distinctions. Many nicknames were derived from the professions of their bearers' fathers. Thus the eldest son of a doctor was always Doc, and if a boy's father had the title of Captain — whether ship captain, fire captain, police captain, or military captain, it was all one — he was himself known as Cap. The eldest sons of all policemen above the grade of patrolmen took their fathers' titles as a matter of course. A block or two up Hollins Street lived a sergeant whose son was called Sarge, and when the father was promoted to a lieutenantancy the son became Loot. In case a boy's father had the military title of Major, which was not unusual in those days, for West Baltimore swarmed with householders who had been officers in the Civil War, he was called Major himself. I never knew a boy whose father was a colonel or general, but those to be found elsewhere in Baltimore undoubtedly followed the rule. The eldest sons of pedagogues were all called Professor, and if a boy's father was a professional gambler (there was such a boy in Hollins Street) he was

apt to be called either Colonel or Sport. Younger sons did not share in these hereditary honors, which went by primogeniture. The nicknames they bore, if they had any at all, were based upon their own peculiarities.

Like all other boys, my brother Charlie and I were always in a condition of extreme insolvency. My mother had read an article in an early issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* arguing that children should not be given money freely but required to earn it, and this became the rule of the house. My brother and I alternated in shining our father's Congress gaiters of a morning, and received five cents for each shine. For other chores we were paid on the same scale, and in good weeks our joint income reached sixty or seventy cents, and sometimes even a dollar. But it was never enough, so we supplemented it by various forms of graft and embezzlement. When my mother sent me to Hollins market with two or three dollars in hand and a list of supplies to be bought, I always knocked down at least a nickel. My brother and I also got a little revenue from Sunday-school collection money, for when we were given dimes we put in only nickels, and when we were given nickels we put in only pennies. All the male schol-

ars save a few milksops followed the same system. We picked up more money by walking to and from school—a round trip of at least three miles—and pocketing the three-cent fare each way. Sometimes, when a car was crowded we managed to elude the conductor, and so rode without paying. On some cars there was no conductor, and the driver had to see to the fares. Inasmuch as he couldn't leave his horses, there were channels running down the sides of the car to carry to him the coins inserted by passengers. When a dozen boys got on a car together, it was usually possible for at least half of them to dodge paying fare. The driver always made a pother, but every boy swore that it was his money that had rolled down. The ensuing debate could be easily protracted until we were at our destination.

When all such devices failed, and Charlie and I faced actual bankruptcy, we had to resort to more desperate measures. Here, unhappily, we were cribbed, cabined and confined by the notions of dignity that prevailed among the West Baltimore bourgeoisie. We somehow understood without being told that it would be unseemly for us to run errands for Mr. Thiernau, or to carry the marketing of strange ladies returning home from Hollins

market, or to shovel snow off sidewalks in winter, or to help hostlers with their horses, or carriage-washers at their work. But there was one labor that, for some reason or other, was considered more or less elegant, though it was strictly forbidden by all parents, and that was selling newspapers. In 1889 or thereabout my brother Charlie and I undertook it in the hope of accumulating quickly enough funds to buy a cat-and-rat rifle. We had an air-rifle, but wanted a cat-and-rat rifle, which used real cartridges, and our father's harsh and profane prohibition of it only made us want it the more.

So we hoofed down to the alley behind the old *Evening World* office in Calvert Street—a good mile and a half from Hollins Street—and laid in six *Worlds* at half a cent apiece. Leaping on horse-cars and howling "Paper! Paper!" was a grand adventure, but we soon found that a great many tougher, louder and more experienced boys were ahead of us, and when we counted up our profits at the end of two or three hours of hard work, and found that we had made but six cents between us, we decided that selling papers was far from what it had been cracked up to be. Incidentally, we never got that cat-and-rat rifle.

II. *Cops and Their Ways*

THE FIRST policeman I ever became acutely aware of on this earth was one Cookie, a short, panting fellow with the sagittal section of an archbishop. I was about six years old at the time, and along with my brother Charlie I was watching and admiring some older boys playing at par, which was the Baltimore name for leap-frog. This was on a hot summer afternoon, not more than a hundred feet from our own front door. Suddenly one of the par-players stopped his play, turned pale, shook with a kind of palsy, pointed like a setter, and exclaimed "Cookie!" in a shrill, hysterical voice. The rest picked up the enemy at once. He was plodding along Gilmor Street in the shadow of the high wall of the House of the Good Shepherd, stretching a whole block down to Lombard Street.

The next thing I recall is being dragged along at a speed of what seemed to be at least a mile a minute by obese Barrel Fairbanks, with my brother tagging behind in tow of a boy named Socks Cromwell. Why we were in such haste I didn't gather at the minute, for I was yet unaware of the dreadful nefariousness of the police. But my brother and I had been accepted as licensed followers, though still very far from

embers, of the Hollins Street gang, and the facts quickly soaked to us when its lawful leaders ordered a halt in Booth Alley beyond our house, to catch breath and insider strategy.

Some were in favor of running on

Reveille's livery-stable, two blocks away, and hiding in the hay. Others proposed making a long detour around Reveille's and laying a course by forced draft out Fayette Street to Steuart's Hill. There were objections to both plans. The Reveille brothers were hospitable to boys whose fathers stabled buggies at their establishment (which let in my brother and me), but for boys in general they had only a sour welcome, and none at all for boys in gangs. As for Steuart's Hill, it was at least six blocks away by the route suggested, and most of that route was uphill. Moreover, the Hill was likely to be swarming, on a summer afternoon, with boys from strange gangs, and if they were in a mood of aggression they might make short work of the Hollins Street gang, burdened, as it was, by such raw and loutish troops as my brother and I.

All this may sound like a long council, but it actually took no more than half a minute. Finally, some smart fellow suggested that we send a spy to the end of the

alley to find out if Cookie was still lumbering down on us. No one volunteered for that office, so the smart fellow had to undertake it himself. He sneaked up to Gilmore Street along the back-fences, according to the approved technic for scouts in the Indian country, and peeped cautiously around the stable at the corner. Returning in a moment, his caution gone, he reported that Cookie had anchored in a cool spot along the convent wall, and was engaged in mopping his bald head and biting off a chew of tobacco. The hunt was thus over, for Cookie's ordinary jurisdiction did not extend to Booth Alley, and if he would follow boys there, it appeared, only in the heat of pursuit. No such heat was visible.

But the time and place seemed opportune for the older boys to instruct my brother and me in the tricks and deviltries of cops, and this they did at length. It was never safe, they explained, to let a cop come within reach. There was no telling what infamy he might be up to. For one thing, he might grab a more or less innocent boy, accuse him of breaking a window-pane in a house six blocks away, and proceed to do justice upon him on the spot, with the thin leather thong that flowed from the end of every cop's espantoon, enabling him to

swing it ostentatiously as he patrolled his beat. For another thing, he might rush upon boys playing catty and break up the game in sheer ill-nature, with no excuse save the labored one that a flying catty had hit a baby carriage, and scared the infant half to death. For a third thing, he was an incurable tattle-tale, and delighted in writing down the names of boys detected in chasing cats, or throwing niggerlice at colored girls, or blowing spitballs at the Salvation Army, and then blabbing on them to their fathers.

In brief, a cop was a congenitally iniquitous character, an enemy to society, a master of all the slimy devices of espionage and betrayal. He was against all the manly sports of boys of normal mind and high metabolism. If they started a ballgame in the street he would take his stand behind a tree a block away, watching for some violation of his arbitrary and incomprehensible regulations, and spoiling all the fun. He objected to the harmless pulling of girls' pigtails, to making bonfires in alleys, to setting dogs to fighting in Union Square, to catching goldfish in the pond there, to overturning and emptying ash-boxes, to stealing rides on trucks or horse-cars, to hunting sparrows with air-rifles, to making

game of cripples and idiots, throwing horse-apples at aged drunken men, to walking along the tops of backyard fences, to prodding mules with sticks, to pulling doorbells on Hallowe'en, to making sliding-places in the gutters in winter, to scaring little girls with false-faces, to nailing up backyard gates, to putting on white pillowslips after dark and terrorizing pious colored people, to yelling "Rats!" at Chinese laundrymen, to upsetting the wooden Indians in front of cigar-stores.

Himself an habitual snitcher of peanuts and Johnny-bread from poor Italians, he prohibited lifting a few cheap turnips or carrots from the baskets outside the stores of rich grocerymen. When there was a fire, he made watching it hazardous, and no fun. No boy of any sense would approach voluntarily within half a block of a cop. If one came ambling down the street the sidewalk would clear as swiftly as if he had been Sitting Bull himself. A boy who had occasion to enter a livery-stable always peeped first, to make sure that no cop was there before him. A boy who turned a corner and came face-to-face with one took to flight at once, yelling "Cheese it!" to warn all other boys. Even girls felt uneasy when they saw a blue uniform, though cops

ever molested them. But from the moment a boy made the first faltering step toward manhood they had it in for him, and he had it in for them.

The one thing to be said in favor of these ruffianly kill-joys was that they were heavy on their feet, and hence easy to out-run. There may have been lean and high-gearred cops in other communities, but I never heard of one in the West Baltimore I grew up in. They all wore extraordinarily thick and uncomfortable-looking uniforms, in summer as in winter, squeaky shoes with soles as solid as slabs of rubber, and domed helmets that always fell off when they attempted to run, scattering lead-pencils, peanuts, red bandana handkerchiefs and chewing-tobacco, and maybe a few cigars, oranges or bananas. A cop in pursuit of a boy had to hold on to his helmet with one hand, and with the other clutch his revolver, lest it go off in the holster flopping from his stern and shoot him in the leg. Any boy in the full possession of his faculties could beat such a mud-scow in a fair race. Even Barrel Fairbanks, fat as he was, could do it. It was only the boy collared by stratagem — always dirty — who was ever actually captured and switched.

I remember well the first time a cop actually came into the house:

it must have been a year or so after our initiation into the infamy of Cookie. When we saw the blue uniform we were almost paralyzed with fright — but not quite enough to keep us from piling into a cupboard, pulling the door shut, and holding it tight. We stayed there until the bell rang for lunch, and even then we came down the stairs very gingerly, peeping over the banister to make sure that the monster had left. We gathered from my father's talk to my mother that he was one Lieutenant Smith, apparently a cop of great puissance. But we couldn't make out what he had come for, and we were too scared to ask. It was a great relief when we gathered that it was not for us.

Rather curiously, the most ferocious cop I ever knew was more tolerant of boys than the general, and enjoyed a kind of repute among them that was almost, though certainly not quite, good. He was a huge Irishman of the name of Murphy, and he wore the heavy black mustache that went in those days with the allied sciences of coping and bartending. Murphy, I suspect, really wanted to be friends with the boys, but they never let him get near enough to them to show it. When we were playing ball in the street, he would come round

the corner with a sort of ingratiating tread, much different from his standard plodding, and stand there rather wistfully as we yelled "Cheese it!" and galloped away.

Murphy reserved all his Berserker fury for the Aframericans who lived in Vincent Alley, two blocks away. Our own dark neighbors in Booth Alley were of a peaceful disposition, but in Vincent Alley the wars continued round the calendar, and were especially bloody on Saturday nights. I mean bloody in its literal sense. There were not many ladies of the Vincent Alley set who had not been slashed more than once by the bucks they adored and supported, and I can recall no buck who had not had an ear bitten off, or a nostril slit, or a nose mashed. The alley began to buzz at 6 p.m. on Saturday, when such of its male inhabitants as worked at all came home with their pay, and by 8 o'clock Murphy was hard at it dragging the wounded out of its tenements and clubbing the felonious into insensibility.

There were in those days no patrol-wagons in Baltimore: a cop who made an arrest had to tool his prisoner to the nearest watch-house on foot, with such incidental help as he could get from friendly dray-drivers. Murphy never used his espantoon on females if he could

help it, and when he couldn't he always bounced them gently — tap just sufficient to cause a transient dizziness. He reserved his masterstrokes for males. One stupendous crack, and it was all over. In the end, if my recollection serve me, he was put on trial before the police commissioners on the charge of giving a bad nigger a clout of unnecessary violence. As I recall it, he was acquitted with honor, but the notion that anyone could imagine hitting a bad nigger too hard was beyond his comprehension, and he withdrew from the force. Baltimore, by 1890, was already fast degenerating, and so was civilization.*

There were not only no patrol-wagons in service in Murphy's heyday, but also no ambulances. The cops had to get the sick and injured to hospital as best they could, and more often than not their best consisted only in commandeering a one-horse truck or ash-cart. In the case of patients emanating from Vincent Alley that made no great difficulty, for no colored West Baltimorean of that era, so long as he retained his wits, would let the cops or anyone else take him to hospital. The word always meant to him the old University of Maryland Hospital at Lombard and Greene Streets, and every Aframerican knew that it swarmed

th medical students who never d enough cadavers to supply their llish orgies, and were not above olenishing their stock by sticking knife into a patient's back, or lding his nose and forcing a drink t of the black bottle down his roat.

The ordinary wounded of Vincent Alley were patched up at a ugstore nearby, or by one of the orty doctors who hung about the ighborhood livery-stables. If heir injuries turned out to be beyond the science of these quacks, etting them to hospital was a borious business — that is, in se they were conscious, and hence ble to resist. Their struggles gainst being arrested were, in the ain, only formal, and it took only stroke or two of Murphy's wand o subdue them, but going to hospital was something else again. Not afrequently, in fact, it couldn't be managed without beating them nto a coma, even with three or our cops and half a dozen civilian volunteers on the job. Once a patient was on his way, his neighbors gave him up as dead, and his lady friend began looking for a new admirer. There were, of course, aberrant cases of Aframericans, even in Vincent Alley, who had been dragged to Lombard and Greene Streets and yet returned, but they

were very rare and carried a spookish and suspicious aura. Indeed, any blackamoor who had so survived was avoided by his fellows thereafter. He was one who had come unscathed from a charnel-house, and there were certainly reasonable grounds for surmising that he had escaped only by entering into some more or less diabolical pact with the doctors. No one wanted him about. He made everyone uncomfortable.

Today the fear of cops seems to have departed teetotally from American boys, at least on the level of the bourgeoisie. I have seen innocents of eight or nine go up to one boldly, and speak to him as if he were anyone else. Some time ago the uplifters in Baltimore actually organized a school for Boy Scouts with cops as teachers, and it did a big trade until the cops themselves revolted. What happened was that those told off to instruct the Scouts in the rules of traffic, first aid, the operation of fire-alarm boxes, etiquette toward the aged and blind, the elements of criminal law and other such branches got so much kidding from their fellows that they were covered with shame, and in the end the police commissioner let out the academy *sine die*, and restored its faculty to more he duties.

III. Records of an Athlete

It always astonishes people familiar with my present matronly figure to hear that I was a fast runner as a boy. It not only astonishes them; it also makes them laugh. Nevertheless, a fact remains a fact, no matter how much infidels may mock it, and I like to recall this one whenever a steep stairway blows me, or I begin to choke and gurgle in the act of lacing my shoes.

Toward the end of the year 1890, when I was ten years old, I made the 100 yards in $12\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, wearing heavy winter underwear and timed by my father's Swiss repeater watch, then the great glory of his jewel casket — that is, next to the massive gold chain that anchored it to his person, the ruby-studded Shriner's button that he wore in his coat-lapel, and the diamond solitaire that screwed into the façade of his boiled shirt. To be sure, the distance for my dash was estimated by the eye, not laid off by geometers, but all the same it must have been accurate to within 15 or 20 yards. I made it in less than 13 seconds, not once but six or eight times in close succession, and would have gone on running all afternoon if my mother had not intervened on what I gathered to be hygienic grounds. I recall

clearly only her suggestion that a father must be going crazy.

He himself was surely no athlete. Once, seeking to edify my brother Charlie and me, he essayed to jump over a bale of hay, but only succeeded in landing on top of belly-down, kicking and hollering. When the mood to inspire us by boasting was on him he liked to tell us that he had been a powerful swimmer in his youth, but I never saw him in actual water save once and he then came out very promptly, shivering and upside down. When a natatorium was opened in Baltimore and I demanded to be taken to it and taught the art, he kept on postponing the visit until the place finally went bankrupt and closed. He also claimed to be gifted as an oarsman, but on the only occasion when I ever saw him enter a rowboat he upset it at the first stroke, and got a good douring, and was upbraided by my mother for resorting to the cup on a fine summer afternoon, better fitted for nature study and other such sensible recreation.

He was completely devoid of all the usual small skills. Never once to my knowledge, did he ever undertake any of the repairs that are needed so incessantly in a dwelling-house, with children running wild in it. If a plank got loose

1 the backyard fence he had to
end for a neighborhood handy-
man to nail it tight, and if a spigot
needed a washer it was a job for the
plumber. If my brother and I,
playing in the yard, tossed a ball
into a rain-gutter, he sent us to
the alley to find a colored boy to
recover it. If the family dog choked
on a bone he hustled it to Reveille's
ivery-stable two blocks away, to
be succored by the Aframerican
barber-surgeons there in practise.
The grapevines in the backyard
needed tying up now and then,
what with blowing winds and
climbing cats, but my father never
undertook the job. My mother told
me years later that he had tried it
once, standing on a chair, but that
the chair legs had sunk into the soft
ground, and tumbled him head
over heels.

Our chief sports in those early
days were running, climbing back-
yard fences, and making long ex-
ploratory tramps to Steuart's Hill
or the other open country west of
Hollins Street. With the boys of the
neighborhood we played at least
half a dozen different running
games, and very often there were
match races. It was in these races
that I developed the speed afore-
said. The prime of my talent was
reached before the age of twelve,
but I remained pretty fast until I

had passed twenty and began to
put on blubber. Even to this day
I could probably run down a horse-
car if there were any left in the
world, and I still had my old facil-
ity for sucking in air. All my mus-
cles are in my legs. My biceps are
puny, and my fingers are so weak
that a couple of hours of playing
the piano at high voltage makes
them ache and itch.

This relative feebleness above-
decks prevented me from shining
as a boxer. Like every other boy in
Hollins Street I had ambitions in
that direction, for Jake Kilrain
opened a saloon in nearby Balti-
more Street after John L. Sullivan
finished him in 1889, and his fa-
miliar proximity inspired us all. We
were free to look at and venerate
him as he stood in front of his
place on balmy days, his coat off
and his shirt sleeves rolled up. His
forearms looked to us to be quite
as massive as the hind legs of ele-
phants. But he was a very reserved
and solemn fellow, and never paid
any attention to us. What little we
learned of boxing we learned by
pummelling one another. But this
was poor sport, for there was one
boy in the gang, Chauncey West
by name (the Chauncey was al-
ways pronounced *Chance-y*, not
Chawnce-y), who could lick any of
the rest of us, or any two of us,

or indeed all of us put together.

One summer day, while we were in the country, my father came home with two pairs of boxing gloves, picked up at a bargain from an insolvent pugilist encountered in a saloon. They were much too big for my brother Charlie and me, but we finally managed to tie them on, and proceeded to bang each other all over the place. My mother was scandalized by these barbarities, and insisted on amending the house statutes by forbidding us (a) to clout each other above the neck, or (b) to fight at all unless my father or some other grown man was on hand to referee. Our first formal combat under these rules was our last. We staggered on for twenty rounds, with my father refereeing and keeping time, but I was in trouble after the tenth round, and in the twentieth Charlie floored me with a right hook to the neck, and I couldn't get up. After that I had no more stomach for boxing.

The one sport my father was really interested in was baseball, and for that he was a fanatic. This, of course, was before the days of the celebrated Baltimore Orioles, but nevertheless Baltimore had a very good team, and he attended its sessions at Oriole Park whenever he and it were in town to-

gether. When it was on the road, he would slip away from his office in the late afternoon to glimpse the scores at Kelly's oyster house in Eutaw Street. There were, in that era, no baseball extras of the newspaper, so the high-toned saloons of the town catered to the fans by putting in telegraph operators who wrote the scores on blackboards. Kelly's operator was supposed to be the fastest and most accurate in town. He sat in a little balcony half way up the wall of the barroom, and was so greatly respected that on a busy afternoon, with the Baltimores winning, he harvested treats, running to twenty or thirty beers, and perhaps half as many cigars.

I often went with my father on his visits to Kelly's, for in those days I spent many of my free afternoons in his cigar factory in Pacific Street, watching and envying the stripper-boys, stealing cigar-bands, cigar-box nails and other such negotiable commodities, and excavating the wastebaskets in the office for postage stamps, worn-out pens and rubber bands. When he set out he would take me with him, and while he stood at the bar with one eye on the blackboard and a beer before him, I would be parked on the brass rail, with a glass of sarsaparilla in one hand and a pretzel in the other. I figure that

before I was nine years old I had put down at least 5000 bottles of arsaparilla and the same number of pretzels. In the end I got so used to sitting on brass bar rails that I could do so without holding on.

My father had a branch of his business in Washington, at the corner of Seventh and G Streets, and connected with it there was a cigar-store. This cigar-store became the baseball headquarters of Washington, and he got to know all the principal ball-players and managers of the time. Eventually, he bought an interest in the Washington club, and became its vice-president. In his papers I find a letter from its secretary, dated July 27, 1891, and running as follows:

Last time we went West rate was \$30 each for 13 men. The R. R. Agents here have since formed a combination to squeeze us and now make the rate at \$40.50 for each man. We understand this applies only to Washington. Won't you kindly see Bernie and see what rate he pays and see if you can't get same rate for our men from Baltimore? Route will be Balto to Cincinnati, to Columbus, to Louisville, to St. Louis, and then home.

Barnie was the manager of the Baltimore club. He and my father had frequent palavers in those days, not only about the extortions of the railroads, but also about the outrageous demands of the players, some of whom, though they were

getting \$1500 and even \$1800 a year, had the impudence to ask for more. These palavers were usually held in our summer-house, and the Bolsheviks were summoned there, and put on the mat. Many a time I have seen six or eight head of stars assembled together, drinking beer and smoking ten-cent cigars in their uncomfortable Sunday clothes, and quailing under the moral indignation of Barnie and my father. The boys of the neighborhood flocked to the back gate to get glimpses of them, and my brother Charlie and I would open it a few inches for particular friends, and so convert friends into slaves.

The most eminent of all the stars who suffered the correction of their false thinking in the summer-house was Matt Kilroy, a pitcher now somehow forgotten, though he was as vastly admired in his day as Amos Rusie afterward. He was an Irishman with eight brothers who were also ball-players, and my father toyed with the idea of organizing them into a nine and sending them on a tour of the country. Unfortunately, Kilroy belonged to Barnie, and Barnie hung on to him. My father sought surcease from this bafflement by naming a five-cent cigar after the great man, and employed his catcher, Sam Trott, to sell it.

Sam was a handsome, four-square fellow with enormous shoulders, and every finger of his two hands was as gnarled as a cypress-tree. This was a souvenir of the days when catchers caught with their bare paws. He adopted a glove toward the end of his career, but it was too late either to save his hands or to change his technic. When a ball came zooming in from the outfield and an enemy player tried to steal home Sam always threw aside his glove and planted himself at the plate *au naturel*. He was an amiable man, and when my brother and I began to major in baseball he gave us a lot of useful advice. But he never managed to make a good player of either of us.

We could do little playing in the winter, for the cops of West Baltimore objected to anything more serious than one-two-three in the street, and the nearest grounds were disputed by other boys, including, now and then, brigandish fellows from the vicinity of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad shops. When these ruffians were in a relatively mild mood they were content to chase us off the diamond, but when their glands were flowing freely they also cabbaged our bats, balls and gloves. In the summers beyond the period I here embalm we had a better chance, for just be-

hind our newly-acquired house there was a large hay-field, and the farmer who owned it was glad to rent us room enough for a diamond once he had got in his hay. There were plenty of other enthusiasts nearby, so we had games going on all the time. In the middle of summer we often played until eight o'clock in the evening, and when formal play had to be stopped we put in another hour catching flies from the darkening sky.

My father seldom took any part in these games, though some of the other men of the vicinity often did so. Once he bought us an outfit of uniforms, but they didn't last long, for we younger players quickly outgrew them, and the visitors who were invited in from time to time had a habit of making off with those issued to them. My own I'll never forget. It was made of a woolen material as thick as a Scotsman's winter underwear, and as I gradually increased in stature, and bulk the breeches pulled up until their bottoms were halfway between my knees and my hips, and the shirt began to bind my chest like a surgical bandage. My brother and I used to go out early in spring and get in a lot of hard practice. But all this diligent work got me nowhere, and I began slowly to grasp the humiliat-

g fact that I was not earmarked for a career of glory on the diamond. When the Baltimore Orioles started out to astound mankind with their new prodigies, in 1894, I withdrew in despair, though I remained a fan for a few years longer. Since 1900 I have seen but no professional baseball games.

V. The Capital of the Republic

My father, in the days when I first knew him, visited his Washington office every Friday; after I went into pants he occasionally took me along. I recall standing between his knees as the train conductor came around, and hearing him protest that I was too young to pay any fare, even half-fare. Whether these protests were serious or not I don't know, but in all probability they were not, for the conductor was always in a very affable mood, and sometimes he let me work his ticket-punch on one of my father's business cards. The candy-butcher also showed me some attention, but that had plain self-interest in it, for he carried a basket containing oval boxes of figs, little red railroad lanterns full of candy pills, gumdrops in red, white and green, and other such favorite refreshments and souvenirs of the era, and my father was always good for a sale.

At that early period Washington was hardly more than a blur to me, and I divided my four or five hours there between admiring the meerschau pipes and cigar-holders in the cigar-store connected with the branch office of Aug. Mencken & Bro., and accompanying my father on his subsequent rounds of his customers, many of whom kept either restaurants or saloons. We usually ate, of course, in the restaurant of some customer, and no doubt we visited, first and last, a great many, but the one I remember best was kept by Mr. Burkhardt, who had once been my father's agent himself, but had now, by dint of diligence and thrift, acquired a business of his own. He always instructed his carver, a coal-black man called Snowball, to give me extra-large portions, and I always got them down. Indeed, I commonly ate so heartily that during the subsequent tour of saloons I had relatively little stomach for the pretzels that were handed down to me at my perch on the brass rail, and even gagged at drinking more than two or three bottles of sarsaparilla.

As I emerged from the fog of infancy Washington began to take on shape and substance, and pretty soon I was wallowing delightedly in its marvels. The greatest of them,

in that era, was not the Capitol at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue, nor even the Washington Monument, but the asphalt streets. Asphalt was then a novelty in the United States, and Washington was the only city that could show any considerable spread of it: in Baltimore it was still thought to be dangerous to horses. What I remember of it chiefly is the dreadful heat it threw up in summer. The cobble-stones of Baltimore, with their lush interstitial crops of grass, oats and Jimson weed, were cool in the warmest weather, but in Washington the white asphalt bounced the sun back into people's faces, and every stranger was told that in July and August the inhabitants abandoned their kitchen stoves altogether and cooked their meals on the street. This tale still pops up whenever there is an extraordinarily severe spell of heat, and it has probably gone out over the wires at least forty times.

Of my first trip to the top of the Washington Monument, which must have been made soon after it was opened in 1888, I recall only the fact that we descended by walking down the long, dark steps, and it seemed a journey without end. There was in those days a bitter debate as to whether a baseball thrown from the top of the

monument could be caught by catcher on the ground, and my father was much interested and full of mathematical proofs that couldn't be done. Some time later it was tried, and turned out to be very easy. He also had a hand in long and acrimonious discussion of curve pitching, one faction holding that the path of the ball was actually a curve and the other maintaining that the whole thing was only an optical illusion. Which side he took I don't recall, but I remember him coming home with the news that the reality of curve had been proved by setting up three stakes in a straight line at the Washington baseball grounds, and putting a pitcher to work or them. After knocking them down or missing them altogether for half an hour running he finally succeeded in pitching a ball clearly to leftward of the two end ones and as clearly to rightward of the middle one. This feat attracted a large crowd and was dealt with by the newspapers as if it had been some great public calamity or first-rate murder, but I was in school that day, and so had to miss seeing it. Later on my father undertook to show me how to curve a baseball, but inasmuch as he never could do it himself I made very little progress.

Most of my visits to Washington, at least from 1886 onward, must have been made after school let out in spring, for I remember the town was always warm, and both my father and I as always thirsty. As we proceeded from one restaurant or saloon to another, usually with the agent, Mr. Cross, and palavered amiably with their proprietors, I sat on a long succession of brass rails, munching my pretzels and drinking my sarsaparilla. To this day I retain a friendly feeling for saloons, though I seldom stand up at their bars, for I long ago associated myself with the Chinese doctrine that it is foolish to do anything standing up that can be done sitting down, or anything sitting down that can be done lying down. In the days before Prohibition, which were like the days before air-cooling, I lusted on the cool, refreshing scent of a good saloon on a hot Summer day, with its delicate overtones of mint, cloves, hops, Angostura bitters, horse-radish, *Blutwurst* and *Zartoffelsalat*. It was always somewhat dark therein, and there was an icy and comforting sweat upon the glasses. The huge, hand-painted oil painting facing the bar, nearly always of Venus stripped for her weekly tub, was covered with netting to keep off the flies, and the mirror that framed the bartender

was decorated with winter landscapes drawn in soap. I have visited in my day the barrooms of all civilized countries, but none that I ever saw came within miles of a high-toned American saloon of the Golden Age.

My father sometimes took an afternoon off from his calls on restaurateurs (for that is what they all liked to call themselves, including the unmistakable saloon-keepers) to show me the salient sights of the capital, or, perhaps more often, sent his office-boy with me while he struggled with accounts in his office. The majestic spectacle of the United States Senate was thus a commonplace to me before I was eight years old, and by the time I was ten I was a familiar of the Smithsonian and the National Museum. Both of the latter were even more meagre and measly then than they are now, but I was too young to know it, and hence enjoyed them immensely. In my day the little hill on which the Washington Monument stands was still bestrewn with large chips of marble left by the builders. I recovered, first and last, at least a hundred pounds of them, and my brother Charlie and I hoarded them for a long while, for it was believed in Hollins Street that soda-water could be made of them,

though we never found out how. They disappeared eventually into a rockery that my mother made in the back yard.

At the Capitol and in the other public buildings of the town its magnificoes could be viewed only at a distance, but in the saloons they came down to earth, and laid themselves open to intimate inspection. Their principal resort was Shoomaker's old-time groggery in Pennsylvania Avenue, but my father seldom visited it, so I had to get my eyeful of them at other places, notably Mr. Burkhardt's. Mr. Burkhardt, I conclude on reflection, must have specialized in the judiciary, for I recall a great many customers who were addressed as Judge, or even as Mr. Justice. These eminent men were quiet drinkers, but assiduous. They apparently had short working-hours, for they showed up at the bar early in the afternoon, and stuck around until it was time for us to return to Baltimore. There was a very old one, in a long-tailed black coat and white chin-whiskers, who one day lifted me to speechless veneration by slipping me a quarter. There were also several Senators in the Burkhardt stock company, and a great many Congressmen. I noticed, boy as I was, that Mr. Burkhardt kept his deference and solici-

tude for the Senators and the judiciary, and had none left for Congressmen. He addressed them familiarly as George, Jack and Bill, and once I heard him invite one of them to get the hell out of the place, and stay out. My father explained that this was because Congressmen were too numerous in Washington to be of any note; moreover, not a few of them were given to caterwauling and wrestling in barrooms, a habit that he always deprecated. They yet linger, believe, in their lowly station, and are regarded by most Washingtonians as hardly worthy of common politeness.

Of all the eminent men I had the honor of witnessing in those days, the only one who ever showed me much personal attention, and hence the only one I remember with any vividness, was Mr. McCarthy, a member of the higher joboisie of the State Department. Mr. McCarthy was a hunchback, but his infirmity did not damp his spirits, which were naturally very gay. I can see him yet as he stood at the stately bar of Mr. Burkhardt's restaurant, with his head scarcely reaching the mahogany rail but his good right arm plenty long enough to keep a firm hold on the glass of beer that the bartender had just drawn for him. He could get

own five or six in a row, and yet retain both his courtly manners and his wide knowledge of international affairs. My father relied upon him for confidential information about the filthy schemes of the chancelleries of Europe, and I relied upon him for a steady supply of foreign postage stamps. He seemed to have something to do with handling departmental mail, for his pockets were always full of stamps from the farthest and most outlandish places, many of which have long since disappeared from the stamp catalogues, at least as current producers — for example, Korea, Montenegro, and Thurn und Taxis. He never failed to hand me a handful, and I never failed, on returning home, to paste them carefully in a blue-covered stamp-album that my mother had given me.

Mr. Cross, who had succeeded Mr. Burkhardt as my father's Washington nuncio, was another of my favorites, for he saved up rubber-bands for me, let me inspect and handle the florid meerschaum pipes in his showcase (one of them, I recall, was priced \$300), and was always good for a piece of cash money. In those days the custom of tipping boys was as widespread in the United States as it still is in England, and my brother Charlie and I derived a considerable reve-

nue from it, especially in summer, when visitors often came to the country for all-day visits. These visits sometimes strained my mother's housekeeping dangerously, and once or twice broke it down altogether, but they were highly agreeable to Charlie and me, for that was a scurvy fellow who did not fork up at least a quarter. One Sunday Mr. Cross staggered us by slipping us a dollar each — a large sum for any boy to have in his hands in the eighties, and perhaps roughly comparable to a couple of shares of Eastman Kodak or Am. Tel. & Tel. today. What is more, Mr. Cross kept to his mark thereafter, so we were always rich during the week following one of his visits, and regarded him at all times as a gentleman of surpassing elegance, which indeed he was. He was a handsome man with a brisk coal-black mustache and prematurely white hair, and he made a striking figure in the somewhat advanced tailoring that he affected. One day he surprised us by bringing along a beautiful lady in a small bonnet and large bustle: in the course of time, I believe, they were married. But that must have been after he retired from the service of Aug. Mencken & Bro., and we saw him no more.

The old office at Seventh and G

Streets still stands, and when I last saw it it had changed little since 1889. There was the same areaway beside it, with the same pipe railing, and across the street the old building of the Patent Office looked exactly as I remember it as a boy. In the eighties the building next door was occupied by Mr. Voigt, a jeweler and one of my father's friends. On September 26, 1890, as I find by my father's bill-file, he bought a Swiss repeater watch from Mr. Voigt, paying \$200 for it in cash—a strange transaction for him, for he commonly preferred barter, and settled most of his major bills in either cigars or leaf tobacco, or both. Even his tailor's bills were commonly paid that way—not directly to the tailor, but to a curious *entrepreneur* named Mr. Butke, who seems to have carried on a complicated series of similar transactions with half the business men of Baltimore. He would start out by finding someone who wanted the cigars or tobacco that he had got from my father, and end by finding someone who had something that the tailor wanted. The number of his intermediate trades varied from time to time, and often ran to many.

Mr. Voigt got cash for the Swiss repeater watch, I suspect, simply because Mr. Butke's diocese did not extend to Washington. The watch itself was my father's proudest possession until his death. It not only had a hand that made five jumps to the second; it was also fitted with a device which could be made to strike the hours, halves and quarters, thus telling the time in the dark. But my father never quite mastered the code of this device, so he could never really find out, in the dark, just what time it was. Moreover, it was always much easier to strike a match. In the days after his death, when I began to wear the watch myself, this apparatus got out of order, and the best watchmakers in Baltimore failed to cure it, though they sent me very large bills. In the end the rest of the works also went floey and I retired the piece to a safe-deposit box which houses a series of family watches running back to the year 1700. At my own exitus they will be thrown into the market. Meanwhile, I receive a bill from the bank every six months, and they thus waste my substance and help to hold me in the literary sweatshop.



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ARY M. COLUM, one of the country's remost literary critics, will conduct HE LIBRARY regularly. Her books and ticles of critical estimate have made her own to thousands of readers. In the ords of the Institute of Arts and Letters awarding her its prize last January, rs. Colum "has brought to American iticism not only a brilliant and acute itelligence but a soundness of judgment d richness of learning rare in any ritic." She is well known as a lecturer d wrote for some time for *The Forum*. he and her husband Padraic Colum, the oet, live in New York.

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and Spain to Portugal and eventually to this country.

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MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY, airplane designer, builder and flyer, commanded the Imperial Russian pursuit planes on the Baltic in the last war. He holds many flying awards and records, has designed and built U. S. Army planes and serves in the U. S. Air Corps Specialist Reserve. His military and aviation forecasts have proved strikingly accurate.

LILY VALENTY, formerly one of Germany's leading actresses, is now an American citizen. Her story in this issue is part of an autobiographical novel she is writing.

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The Open FORUM

"WHY LINDBERGH IS WRON

SIR: Our Dayton *Journal* of April 22 front-page news a condensation of Mr. Seversky's "Why Lindbergh Is Wron your May issue. The original article w eagerly when this issue was received same day.

This article should have immense inf both in educating public opinion and industrial workers. Are you planning to lish it as a separate book for further di tion? That would prove a valuable aid defense efforts.

ELIZABETH C. D
Vice-Librarian
Dayton Public Lib

Dayton, Ohio.

SIR: Major Alexander P. de Se very convincing answer to Colonel Lin . . . was a great patriotic service. I c understand why Major de Seversky a as practically every one else is so con that Lindbergh is above suspicion in ref to his patriotism.

LEE ST.

Albany, Georgia.

WOLF LORE

SIR: I've never read Mr. Stefan wolves, but infer from your remark former issue that both he and you co wolves travel only singly or in pairs. C Yukon and its tributaries wolves hu packs made up of from five to ten indiv From personal observations I would say the pack of five or six wolves is more c than the nine- or ten-wolf pack. Occas one sees the track of the lone wolf; usually an old, heavy, splay-footed f

son wolves hunt in packs is that they kill large game for food, caribou mostly. do they kill a moose. The moose, attacked in a position unfavorable for , more times than not is successful in ng itself even against a band of six

TOM LEWIS

Alaska.

R. POTEET SUBSCRIBES

Dadgum, I have heard of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Want to hear more of it. You n already seventy-four and if I do not am going to miss many things. All my nds are dropping like autumn leaves. I ready had to drop in with the younger ral times to have any associates at all. the big trouble about life — that while is messing along with life having a ime, death is just behind him, stalking d watching for a wobble. I am onto the Reaper and his danged old hay knife. uly got me last January — slipped up and socked a case of double pneumonia onto me at the same time. want THE AMERICAN MERCURY while ill here. I am interested in what men 'ing, and if any new ideas have been d out, I want to see them.

GIBBONS POTEET

, Texas.

IN BRIEF

ny letters were written for and against mil Altman's "Our Mentally Unbal-Teachers." School executives in large pected Dr. Altman's fight; but some es and teachers viewed the article as a on their profession. Superintendent r E. Thompson of the Department of Instruction of North Dakota writes tingly: "We haven't gotten so far in States as to require a physical examina-nuch less a mental onc. . . . We are in this State to work towards [a pro-] that besides meeting educational re-ts a teacher . . . have at least a al examination with a proper doctor's ate, and the next step would be l or emotional tests or examinations."

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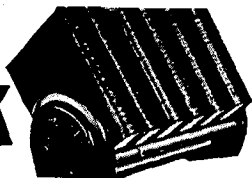
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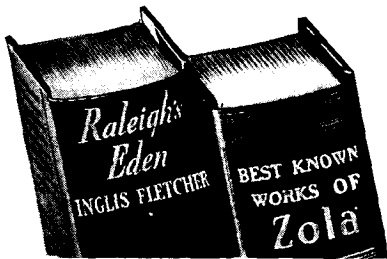


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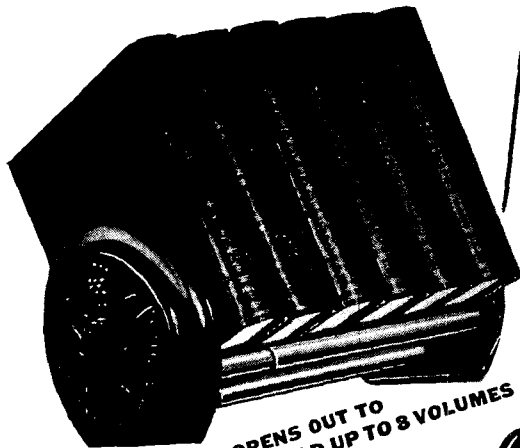
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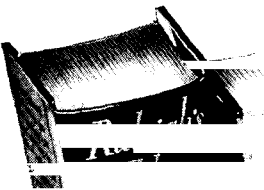
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